

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER:

CONTAINING
TWELVE ÆGLOGUES, PRO-
PORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE
MONETHS.

ENTITLED,
To the Noble and vertuous Gentleman, most
worthy of all titles, both of learning and chi-
valrie, Master Philip Sidney.



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TO HIS BOOKE.

*Goe, little Booke: thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is vnkent,
To him that is the president
Of noblenesse and chiuallrie:
And if that Enuy barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee*

*Under the shadow of his wing.
And, asked who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde;
And when his honor hath thee redde,
Craue pardon for thy hardy-head.*

*But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame:
For why thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past ieopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee.*

Immeritò.



TO THE MOST EXCELLENT
and learned, both Oratour and Poet, master
Gabriel Haruey, his verie speciall and singular good friend, E. K.
commendeth the good liking of this his good labour, and the
patronage of the new Poet.

V*ncouth, vnkiſt*, ſaide the old famous Poet *Chaucer*:
whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skill in ma-
king, his ſcholler *Lidgate*, a woorthy ſcholler of ſo ex-
cellent a maſter, calleth the loadſtarre of our language:
and whom our *Colin Clout* in his Eglogue calleth *Ty-
tirus*, the God of Shepheards; comparing him to the
worthineſſe of the Roman *Tytirus*, *Virgil*. Which pro-
uerbe, mine owne good friend M. *Haruey*, as in that good old poet, it ſerued
well *Pindarus* purpoſe, for the bolſtering of his bawdie brocage, ſo very wel
taketh place in this our new Poet, who for that he is vncouth (as ſaid *Chau-
cer*) is vnkiſt, and vnknown to moſt men, is regarded but of a fewe. But I
doubt not, ſo ſoone as his name ſhall come into the knowledge of men, and
his worthineſſe be ſounded in the trumpe of Fame, but that he ſhall be not
onely kiſt, but alſo beloued of all, embraced of the moſt, and wondred at of
the beſt. No leſſe, I thinke, deſerueth his wittineſſe in deuiling, his pithineſſe
in vttering, his complaint of loue ſo louely, his diſcourſes of pleaſure ſo plea-
ſantly, his paſtorall rudeneſſe, his morall wiſeneſſe, his due obſeruing of *De-
corum* euerie where, in perſonages, in ſeaſons, in matter, in ſpeech, and ge-
nerally, in all ſeemelic ſimplicite of handling his matters, and framing his
words: the which of many things that in him be ſtrange, I know will ſeeme
the ſtrangeſt; the wordes themſelues beeing ſo ancient, the knitting of them
ſo ſhort and intricate, and the whole period and compaſſe of his ſpeech ſo
delightſome for the roundneſſe, and ſo graue for the ſtrangeneſſe. And firſt
of the words to ſpeake, I grant they be ſomething hard, and of moſt men vn-
vſed, yet both Engliſh, and alſo vſed of moſt excellent Authours, and moſt
famous poets. In whom, when as this our poet hath bene much trauailed
and thoroughly read, how could it be (as that worthy Oratour ſaid) but that
walking in the Sunne, although for other cauſe hee walked, yet needes hee
muſt be ſunne-burnt; and hauing the ſound of thoſe ancient poets ſtill ring-
ing in his eares, hee mought needs in ſinging, hit out ſome of their tunes.
But whether hee vſeth them by ſuch caſualtie and cuſtome, or of ſet purpoſe

THE EPISTLE.

and choise, as thinking the fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of Shepheards; either for that their rough sound would make his rimes more ragged and rusticall: or else because such old and obsolete words are most vsed of Country folke; sure I thinke, and thinke I thinke not amisse, that they bring great grace, and as one would say, authoritie to the verse. For albe, amongst many other faults, it specially be objected of *Valla*, against *Linie*, and of other against *Salust*, that with ouer-much studie they affect antiquitie, as couering thereby credence, and honour of elder yeeres; yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those ancient solemne words, are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouring to set forth in his worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauitie and importance. For, if my opinion faile not, *Tully* in that booke, wherein he endeouureth to set forth the patterne of a perfect Orator, saith, that oft-times an ancient word maketh the stile seeme graue, and as it were reuerend, no otherwise then we honour and reuerence gray haire, for a certaine religious regard, which we haue of old age. Yet neither euery where must old wordes be stuffed in, nor the common Dialect, & manner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that as in old buildings, it seeme disorderlie and ruinous. But as in most exquisite pictures, they vse to blaze and portrait, not onely the daintie lineaments or beautie, but also round about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggie clifts, that by the basenesse of such parts, more excellencie may accrew to the principall (for oftentimes wee finde our selues, I know not how, singularly delighted with the shew of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order): euen so doe those rough and harsh tearmes, enlumine and make more cleerely to appeare the brightnesse of braue and glorious words. So, oftentimes, a discord in musicke maketh a comely concordance: so great delight rooke the worthie poet *Alceus*, to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a well-shaped bodie. But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choice of old & vnwonted words, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, either of witlesse headinesse in iudging, or of heedlesse hardinesse in condemning: for not marking the compasse of his bent, he will iudge of the length of his cast. For in my opinion, it is one especiall praise of many, which are due to this poet, that he hath laboured to restore as to their rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English words, as haue been long time out of vse, and almost cleane disherited. Which is the onely cause, that our mother tongue, which trulie of it selfe is both full enough for prose, & stately enough for verse, hath long time been counted most bare and barren of both. Which default, when as some endeoured to salue and recure, they patched vp the holes with peeces and ragges of other languages; borrowing heere of the French, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latine; not weighing how ill those tongues accord with themselues, but much worse with ours: So now they haue made our English tongue a gallimaufrey, or hodgepodge of all other speeches.

Other

THE EPISTLE.

Other-some, not so well scene in the English tongue, as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an old word, albeit very naturall and significant, cry our straight way, that we speake no English, but gibberish, or rather, such as in old time *Euanders* mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their owne mother tongue, to bee counted strangers, and aliens. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what they vnderstand not, they straightway deeme to be senselesse, & not at all to be vnderstood: Much like to the Mole in *Aesops* fable, that being blind herselfe, would in no wise be perswaded that any beast could see. The last, more shamefull then both, that of their owne country and naturall speech (which together with their Nurses milke they sucked) they haue so base and bastard iudgement, that they will not onely themselues not labour to garnish & beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it should be embellished; Like to the dog in the maunger, that himselfe can eate no hay, & yet barkerh at the hungrie bullock, that so faine would feed: whose currish kinde, though it cannot bee kept fro barking, yet I conne them thank that they refraine from byting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the ioynts & members thereof, & for all the compasse of the speech, it is round without roughnesse, and learned without hardnesse, such indeed as may be perceiued of the least, vnderstood of the most, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in most English writers vieth to be loofe, and as it were vnright, in this Author is well grounded, finely framed, and stronglie trussed vp together. In regard whereof, I scorne and spew out the rakehellly rout of our ragged rymers (for so themselves vse to hunt the letter) which without learning boast, without iudgement iangle, without reason rage and some, as if some instinct of poetick spirit had newly rauished them aboue the meannesse of common capacite. And beeing in the midst of all their brauerie, suddenly, either for want of matter, or rime, or hauing forgotten their former conceit, they seeme to be so pained & trauailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in child-birth, or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her: *Osrabidum fera corda domans &c.*

Neither heeſſe, let them a Gods name feed on their owne folly, ſo they ſeeke not to darken the beames of others glorie. As for *Colin*, vnder vvhole perſon the Authors ſelfe is ſhadowed, how farre he is from ſuch vaunted titles, and glorious ſhewes, both himſelfe ſheweth, where he ſaith:

Of Muses Hobbinoll, I conne no skill.

And

Enough is me to paint out my unrest, &c.

And also appeareth by the baseness of the name, wherein it seemeth hee chose rather to vnfold great matter of argument couertly, then professing it, nor suffice thereto accordingly. Which moued him rather in Aeglogues the otherwise to write; doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed; or minding to furnish our tongue with this kind, wherein it faulteth; or following one example of the best & most ancient poets, which deuoted this kinde

THE EPISTLE.

of writing, beeing both so base for the matter, and homely for the maner, at the first to trie their habilities: like as young birds, that be newlie crept out of the nest, by little and little first prooue their tender wings, before they make a greater flight. So flew *Theocritus*, as you may perceiue hee was alreadie full fledged. So flew *Virgil*, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew *Mantuan*, as not beeing full somd. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*. So *Marot*, *Sanazarui*, and also diuerse other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this Authour euery where followeth: yet so as few, but they be well sented, can trace him out. So finally flieth this our new Poet, as a bird whose principals be scarce growne out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keepe wing with the best.

Now, as touching the generall drift and purpose of his Aeglogues, I mind not to say much, him selfe labouring to cōceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnstaied youth had long wandered in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in which time, to mitigate & allay the heate of his passion, or else to warne (as hee saith) the young shepheards [his equals and companions] of his vnfortunate folly, he compiled these twelue Aeglogues; which for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelue Moneths, he tearmeth it the *Shepheards Calender*, applying an old name to a new worke. Heerevnto haue I added a certaine Glosse or scholion, for the exposition of old wordes, & harder phrases; which manner of glossing and commenring, well I wote, will seeme strange and rare in our tongue: yet, for so much as I knew, many excellent and proper deuities, both in words and matter, would passe in the speedie course of reading, either as vnknowne, or as not marked; & that in this kind, as in other wee might be equall to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me; the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made priuie to his counsaile & secret meaning in the, as also in sundry other works of his. Which albeit I knowe hee nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendship, him selfe being for long time far estranged, hoping that this will the rather occasion him, to put forth diuerse other excellent works of his, which sleep in silence, as his Dreams, his Legends, his Court of *Cupid*, & sundry others, whose cōmendation to set out, were very vaine, the things though worthy of many, yet beeing knowne to few. These my present paines, if to any they be pleasurable, or profitable, be you iudge, mine owne maister *Harney*, to whom I haue both in respect of your worthinesse generally, & otherwise vpon some particular & speciall considerations, vowed this my labour, & the maidenhead of this our common friends poetrie, him selfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull maister *Philip Sidney*, a speciall fauourer & maintainer of all kinde of learning. Whose cause, I pray you sir, if enuie shall stirre vpon any wrongfull accusation, defend with your mighty Rhetoricke, and other your rath gifts of learning, as you can, and shield
with

THE EPISTLE.

with your good will, as you ought, against the malice & outrage of so many enemies, as I know will be set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glorie. And thus recommending the Authour vnto you, as vnto his most speciall good friend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singular account of two so very good & to choise friends, I bid you both most hartily farewell, & commit you & your commendable studies to the tuition of the greatest.

*Your owne assuredly to be
commanded, E. K.*

Post scr.

NOW I trust, M. *Harney*, that vpon sight of your speciall friends and fellow poets dooings, or else for enuie of so many worthy Quidams, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you will be perswaded to pluck out of the hateful darkness, those so many excellent English poems of yours, which lie hid, and bring them foorth to eternall light. Trust me, you doe them great wrong, in depriuing them of the desired sunne, and also your selfe, in smothering your deserued praises, and all men generally, in with-holding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already done of your Latine poems, which in my opinion, both for inuention and elocution, are very delicate and superexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good M. *Harney*. From my lodging at London, the tenth of Aprill. 1579.





The generall Argument of the whole Booke.



ittle, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first originall of Aeglogues, hauing alreadie touched the same. But, for the word Aeglogues, I knowe is vnkowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they thinke) I will say somewhat thereof, beeing not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inuentours of them, called Aeglogas, as it were, Aegon, or Aeginomon logi. that is Goateards tales. For although in Virgil and others, the speakers be more Shepheards, then Goateards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgil, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head & well-spring the whole inuention of these Aeglogues, maketh Goateards the persons and Authors of his tales. This beeing, who seeth not the grosseesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleue, that they are more rightly tearmed Eclogai, as they would say, extraordinarie discourses of vnnecessarie matter: which definition, albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the Analysis & interpretation of the word. For they be not tearmed Eglogæ, Aeglogues: which sentence this Authour verie well obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede fewe Goateards haue to doe herein, neuerthelesse doubteth not to call them by the vsed and best knowne name. Other curious discourses heereof I reserue to greater occasion.

These twelue Aeglogues euery where answering to the seasons of the twelue Moneths, may be well diuided into three formes or rankes. For either they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixth, the eleventh, and the twelfth: or Recreative, such as all those be, which containe matter of loue, or commendation of speciall personages: or Morall, which for the most part be mixed with some Satyricall bitterness; namely, the second of reuerence due to old age, the fift of coloured deceit, the seauenth and ninth of dissolute Shepheards and Pastors, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie and pleasant wits. And to this diuision may euerie thing heerein be reasonably applied: a few onely except, whose special purpose and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generallly of these twelue Aeglogues.

THE ARGUMENT.

Aeglogues. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first, which he calleth by the first Monethes name, Ianuarie: wherein to some he may seeme fowly to haue faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeere. For it is well knowne, and stoutly maintained vwith strong reasons of the learned, that the yeere beginneth in March; for then the sunne renueth his finished course, and the seasonable Spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead Winter, now worne away, renueth.

This opinion maintaine the old Astrologers and Philosophers, namely, the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius, in his holy daies of Saturne: which account also was generally obserued, both of Grecians & Romans. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, we maintaine a custome of counting the seasons from the Moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciall cause then the heathen Philosophers euer could conceiue: that is, for the incarnation of our mightie Sauour, & eternall Redeemer the Lord Christ, who as the renewing the state of the decayed World, and returning the compasse of expired yeeres, to their former date, and first commencement, left to vs his Heires a memoriall of his byrth, in the end of the last yeere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall Monument of our saluation, leaues also vpon good prooffe of speciall iudgement.

For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the count of the yeere was not perfected, as afterward it was by Iulius Cæsar, they beganne to tell the Moneths from Marches beginning; and according to the same, God (as is said in Scripture) comanded the people of the Iewes to count the Moneth Abib, that which we call March, for the first Moneth, in remembrance that in that Moneth hee brought them out of the Land of Egypt: yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwise obserued, both in government of the Church, and rule of mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar, who first obserued the leape yeere, which he called Bissextilem Annum, and brought into a more certaine course the odde wandring daies, which of the Greekes were called Hyperbainontes, of the Romanes Intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the tearmes of the learned) the Moneths haue bene numbred twelue, which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but tenne, counting but 304 daies in euery yeere, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of all the Romane Ceremonies, and Religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the Sunne, nor the Moone, thereunto added two Moneths, Ianuarie and Februarie: wherein it seemeth, that wise king minded vpon good reason to beginne the yeere at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni, the gate & enterance of the yeere, or of the name of the god Ianus: to which god, for that the old Paynims attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new coming into the world, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned, the beginning and first entrance of the yeere. Which account for the most part hath hitherto continued. Notwithstanding,

THE ARGUMENT.

ding, that the Egyptians beginne their yeere at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbines, and very purpose of the Scripture it selfe, God made the world in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore he commaunded them to keepe the feast of Pavilions, in the end of the yeere, in the xv. day of the seventh Moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Authour, respecting neither the subtiltie of the one part, nor the inequitie of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common understanding, to beginne with Iannarie; weening it perhaps no decorum that shepheards should be seene in matter of so deepe in-sight, or canuase a case of so doubtfull iudgement. So therefore beginneth hee, and so continueth hee throughout.



IANVARIE.



Aegloga prima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this first Aeglogue, *Colin Clout*, a Shepheards boy, complaineth himselfe of his vnfortunate loue, beeing but newly (as it seemeth) enamoured of a countrey Lasse called *Rosalind*: with which strong affection being verie sore trauelled, hee compareth his carefull case to the sad season of the yeere, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne vvinter-beaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former plealace and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, & casteth himselfe to the ground.

COLIN CLOUT.

A Shepheards boy (no better doe him call)
When Winters wastefull spight was almost spent,
All in a sunshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flocke, that had been long ypent,
So faint they waxe, and feeble in the fold,
That now vnnethe their feet could them vphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
May seeme he lov'd, or else some care he tooke:
Well coult he tune his Pipe, and frame his stile:
Tho to a bill his fainting flock he led,
And thus him plainde, the while his sheepe theresed.

Yee gods of loue, that pittie louers paine,
(If any gods the paine of louers pittie:)
Looke from above, where you in ioyes remaine,
And bow your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.
And P **A** N thou shepheards God, that once did loue,
Pittie the paine, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barren ground who Winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a mirrour, to behold my plight:
Whilom thy fresh spring flow'd, and after hasted
Thy Sommer proude, with Daffodillies dight.
And now is come thy Winters stormie flare,
Thy mande mard, wherein thou maskest late.

Such rage as Winters, raigeth in my heart,
My life-blood freezing, with vnkindly cold:
Such stormie stoures, doe breed my balefull smart,
As if my yeeres were waste, and woxen old.
And yet, alas, but now my spring becometh,
And yet, alas, it is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shadie leaues are lost,
Wherem the birds were wont to build their bowre,
And now are cloath'd with mosse and hisseles fowre,
In stead of blossoms, wherewith your boughs did fowre,
I see your teares, that from your boughs doe raine,
Whose drops in drete yficles remaine.

Also

Allo my lustfull leafe is dry and seare,
My timely buds with waiting all are wasted:
The blossome, which my branch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighs is blowne away, and blasted,
And from mine eyes the drizzling teares descend,
As on your boughs the yficles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake, through fast, and euill fare:
Maist witnesse well by thy ill gouernment,
Thy Maisters mind is overcome with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne,
With mourning pine I, you with pining mourne.

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull houre,
Wherein I longed the neighbour towne to see:
And eke ten thousand sithes I blesse the stoure,
Wherein I saw so faire a sight as shee.
Yet all for nought: such fight hath bred my bane:
Ah God, that loue should breed both ioy and paine!

It is not HobbinoL, wherefore I plaine,
Albee my loue he seeke with daily suite:
His clownish gifts and curtesies I disdaine,

His kiddes, his cracknels, and his early fruit.
Ah, foolish HobbinoL, thy gifts been vaine:
COLIN them giues to ROSALINDE againe.

I loue thilke Lasse, (alas, why doe I loue?)
And am forlorne, (alas, why am I forne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprot,
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorn.
Shepherds deuise she hateth as the snake, (make.
And laughes the songs, that COLIN CLOYT doth

Wherefore my Pipe, albee rude PAN thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would,
And thou vnluckie Muse, that woontst to ease
My musing minde, yet canst not, when thou should,
Both Pipe and Muse, shall fore the while abide.
So broke his Oaten Pipe, and downe did lye.

By that, the welked PHOEBVS gan auale
His wearie waine, and now the frostie NIGHT,
Her mantle blacke through heauen gan ouerhaile.
Which seene, the pensive boy halfe in despight
Arose, and homeward droue his sunned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seem his careful case to weepe.

Colins Embleme.

Anchora sperme.

GLOSSE.

Colin Clout, is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I seene a poesie of M. Skeltons, vnder that title. But indeede the word *Colin* is French, and vsed of the French poet *Marot* (if he be worthy the name of a poet) in a certaine *Eglogue*. Vnder which name this poet secretly shadoweth himselfe, as sometime did *Virgil* vnder the name of *Tyrtus*, thinking it much fitter then such Latine names, for the great vnlikelihood of the language.

Vnnethes, scarcely.

Couth, commeth of the verbe *Conne*, that is, to knowe, or to haue skill. As wel interpreteth the same, the worthy sir *Tho. Smith*, in his booke of gouernment: whereof I haue a perfect copie in writing, lent me by his kinsman, and my very singular good friend, M. *Gabriel Harney*, as also of some other his most graue and excellent writings.

Sith, time. *Neighbour-towne*, the next towne: expressing the Latine, *Virginia*.

Stoure, a fit.

Seare, withered.

His clownish gifts, imitateth *Virgils* verse:

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

HobbinoL, is a fained country name, wherby, it being so common & vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall & most familiar friend, whom he intirely and extraordinarily loued, as peradventure shall be more largely declared heereafter. In this place seemeth to be some sauour of disorderly loue, which the learned call *Paderastice*: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath

read

read *Plato* His Dialogue called *Alcibiades*, *Xenophon* & *Maximus Tyrius* of *Socrates* opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant, as *Socrates* vsed it: who saith, that indeed he loued *Alcybiades* extreamly, yet not *Alcibiades* person, but his soule, which is *Alcibiades* owne selfe. And so is *Pederastice* much to bee preferred before *Gyneraftice*, that is, the loue which inflameth men with lust toward womankind. But yet let no man thinke, that heerein I stand with *Lucian*, or his diuillish disciple *Unico Aretino*, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes, of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshlineffe. Whose abominable error is fully confuted of *Perionius*, and others.

I loue: a pretie Epānorthosis in these two verses, and withall, a Paronomasia, or playing with the word, where he saith, *I loue thilke Lasse, alasfe, &c.*

Rosalinde, is also a fained name, which beeing well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and Mistresse, whom by that name hee coloureth. So as *Ouid* shadoweth his loue vnder the name of *Corynna*, which of some is supposed to be *Iulia*, the Emperour *Augustus* his daughter, and wife to *Agrippa*: so doth *Aruntius Stella*, cuery where call his Ladie *Asteris* & *Ianthes*, albeit it is well knowneth that her right name was *Violantilla*: as witnesseth *Stutus* in his *Epithalamium*. And so the famous paragon of Italy, *Madonna Cælia*, in her letters, enuolopeth her selfe vnder the name of *Zima*, and *Petrona* vnder the name of *Bellochia*. And this generally hath been a common custome of counterfaising the names of secreet personages.

Auaile, bring downe.

Ouerhaile, draw ouer.

Embleme.

His Embleme or Posie is heere vnder added in Italian, *Anchora speme*: the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding his extreame passion and lucklesse loue, yet leaning on hope, hee is somewhat recomforted.



B.

Februarie,



☞ *Aegloga secunda.*

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secret or particular purpose. It specially containeth a discourse of old age, in the person of *Thenot*, an old shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustfulnesse, is scorned of *Cuddie*, an vnhappy heardmans boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeere now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeere, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and freezeth the weather-beaten flesh, with stormes of fortune, and hoare frosts of care. To which purpose, the old man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Breere, so liuely, and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDY.

AH for pittie, will ranke Winters rage
These bitter blasts neuer gin t'assuage?
The keene cold blowes through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride,
My ragged ronts all shiuer and shake,
As done high towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wriggle tailes,
Pearke as a Peacocke: but now it auailles.

THENOT.

Lewdly complaine'st, thou lasie ladde,
Of Winters wracke for making thee sad.
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
From worse, vnto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormie time,
Where will he liue till the lustie prime?
Selfe haue I worne out thrice thirtie yeetes,

THENOT.

Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat:
Ne neuer was to Fortune foe-man,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my flock was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDY.

No mutuall *Thenot*, if thou can beare
Cheerefully the Winters wrathfull cheare,
For age and winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrie:
And as the lowring weather lookes downe,
So seemest thou like good-Friday to frowne.
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My ship vowont in stormes to be tost.

THENOT.

The Soueraigne of Seas he blames in vaine,

That

That once Sea-beat, will to sea againe,
So loyuring liue you little-beard-groomes,
Keeping your beasts in the budded broomes,
And when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen, the Spring is come at once.
Tho ginne you, fond flies, the cold to scorne,
And crowing in Pipes made of greene corne,
You thinke to be Lords of the year:
But est, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinkles and frostie furrowes,
Dreerily shooting his stormie dart,
Which cuddles the blood, and pricketh the heart.
Then is your carelesse courage accoyed,
Your carefull heards with cold be annoyed.
Then pay you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wayling, and miserie.

CVDY.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne thy skill,
That wouldst me, my springing youth to spill.
I deeme thy braine emperished bee,
Through rustie eld, that hath rotted thee:
Or siker thy head very tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hath lost both lop and top,
Als my budding branch thou wouldst crop:
But were thy yeeres greene, as now been mine,
To other delights they would encline.
Tho wouldst thou learne to caroll of loue,
And hery with hymnes thy Lasses gloue.
Tho wouldst thou pipe of PHILLIS praise:
But PHILLIS is mine for many daies.
I wonne her with a girdle of gelt,
Emboist with bugle about the belt.
Such an one shepheards would make full faine:
Such an one would make thee young againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a fon, of thy loue to boast:
All that is lent to loue will be lost.

CVDY.

Seest, how brag yond bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smooth, his pricked eares?
His hornes been as brade, as rainebowe bent,
His dewlap as lithe, as Lasse of Kent.
See how he venteth into the winde,
Weenest of loue is not his minde?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustlesse been they, so weake, so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoarie with frost,
Thy flockes father his courage hath lost.
Thy Ewes that wont to haue blowne bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags.
The rather Lambes been starued with cold,
All for their maister is lustlesse and old.

THENOT.

CVDY, I wot thou kenst little good,
So vainly to aduance thy headlesse hood,
For youth is a bubble blowne vp with breath,
Whose wit is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildernesse, whose Inne Penance,
And stoopgallant Age the host of Greuance.

But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of TYTIRVS in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hills of Kent?

CVDY.

To nought more, THENOT, my mind is bent,
Then to heare novels of his deuise:
They been so well thewed, and so wise,
What euer that good old man bespake.

THENOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And some of loue, and some of chualrie:
But none fitter then this to apply.
Now listen awhile and harken the end.

Here grew an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it beene,
With armes full strong and largely displaide,
But of their leaues they were disaraid:

The body big and mightily pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height:
Whilome had been the king of the field,
And mochel mast to the husband did yeeld,
And with his nuts larded many swine.
But now the gray mosse marred his rine,
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His top was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honour decayed, his branches sere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Breere,
Which proudly thrust into th' element,
And seemed to threat the Firmament.
It was embellisht with blossoms faire:
And thereto lye wonned to reaire
The shepheards daughters to gather flowres,
To paint their garlands with his coloures.
And in his small bushes used to shrowde
The sweet Nightingale singing so lowde:
Which made this foolish Breere waxe so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?
Nor for fruite, nor for shadow serues thy flocke:
Seest how fresh my flowres been spered,
Died in Lilly white, and Crimsin red,
With leaues engrained in lustie greene,
Colours meet to cloathe a maiden Queene.
Thy waste bignesse but cumberes the ground,
And dirkes the beautie of my blossoms round.
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloieith,
My Cinamon smell too much annoyeth.
Wherefore I rede thee hence to remoue,
Least thou the price of my displeasure proue.
So spake this bold Breere with great disdain:
Little him answered the Oake againe,
But yeelded, with shame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was ouercrawed.

It chanced after vpon a day,
The husbandmans selfe to come that way,
Of custome to surview his ground,
And his trees of state in compasse round.
Him when the spightfull Breere had espied,
Canselesse complained, and lowdly cried

B 2

Vnto

Vnto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaseth you pond your suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong, and cruell complaint,
Which I your poore Vassall daily endure:
And but your goodnesse the same recure,
Am like for desperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mineemie.

Greatly aghast with this pitious plea,
Him rested the good-man on the lea,
And bad the Breere in his plaint proceed,
With painted words tho gan this proude weed,
(As most vlen ambitious folke)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

Ah my soueraigne, Lord of Creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was nor I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the Primrose of all thy land.
With flowring blossoms, to furnish the prime,
And skarletberries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Oake,
Whose bodie is fere, whose branches broke,
Whose naked armes stretch vnto the fire,
Vnto such tyrannie doth aspire?
Hindring with his shade my louely light,
And robbing me of the sweet sunnes sight?
So beate his old boughs my tender side,
That oft the blood springeth from wounds wide:
Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,
That been the honour of your Coronall.
And oft hee lets his canker-wormes light,
Vpon my branches, to worke me more spight:
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh florets been defast.
For this, and many more such outrage,
Crauing your goodlyhead to aswage
The rancorous rigour of his might.
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right:
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greouance.

To this, this Oake cast him to reply
Well as he couth: but hisemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man nould stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate.
Encreasing his wrath with many a threat,
His harmefull hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it so ready should stand)
And to the field alone he spedeth.
(Aye little help to harme there needeth)

Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:
But to the root bent his sturdie stroake,
And made many wounds in the waste Oake.
The axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe vnwilling to cut the graine:
Seemed, the fentelesse iron did feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear.
For it had been an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mystere.
And often crost with the Priests crew,
And often hallowed with holy water dew.
But sike fantasies weten foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miserie.
For nought mought they quiten him from decay:
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
The blocke oft groined vnder the blowe,
And sighed to see his neere ouerthrowe.
In fine, the Steele had pierced his pith,
Tho downe to the ground he fell forthwith.
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
Th'earth shrunke vnder him, and seemed to shake.
There lieth the Oake, pittied of none.

Now stands the Breere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pride and vaine pleasure:
But all this glee had no continuance,
For eftsoones Winter gan to approach,
The blustering Boreas did eneroch,
And beat vpon the solitarie Breere:
For now no succour was him neere.
Now gan he repent his pride too late,
Yore naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nippt his stalke dead,
The watric wet weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burnd him so sore,
That now vpriht he can stand no more:
And beeing downe, is trode in the durt,
Of cattell, and brouzed, and forely hurt.
Such was th'end of this ambitious Breere,
For scorning Eld.

CVDIE.

Now I pray thee Shepheard, tell it not forth:
Heere is a long tale, and little worth.
So long haue I listened to thy speech,
That grafted to the ground is my breech:
My heart blood is wellnigh frome I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele:
But little ease of thy lewde tale I tasted,
Hie thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenots Embleme.

*Iddio perche è vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo effempio.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Niuno vecchio,
Spauenta Iddio.*

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

Keene, sharpe.

Gride, pierced: an old word much vsed of *Lidgate*, but not found (that I knowe of) in *Chaucer*.

Ronts, young bullocks.

Wracke, ruine or violence, whence commeth shipwracke: and not wreake, that is vengeance or wrath.

Foman, a foe.

Thenot, the name of a Shepheard in *Marot* his *Eglogues*.

The Soueraigne of Seas, is *Neptune*, the God of the Seas. The saying is borrowed of *Mimus Publanius*, which vsed this prouerbe in a verse:

Improbè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgroomes, *Chancers* verie almost whole.

Fond flies. He compareth carelesse sluggards, or ill husbandmen to flies, that so soone as the Sunne shineth, or it waxeth any thing warme, begin to flie abroad, when suddenly they be ouertaken with cold.

But est when: a very excellent and lively description of Winter, so as may bee indifferently taken, either for old age, or for winter season.

Breme, Chill, bitter.

Chamfred, chapt, or wrinkled.

Accoied, plucked downe and daunted.

Surquedrie, pride.

Eld, old age.

Siker, sure.

Tottie, wauering.

Corbe, crooked.

Herie, worship.

Phyllis, the name of some maid vnknowne, whom *Cuddie* (whose person is secret) loued. The name is vsuall in *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, and *Mantuan*.

Belt, a girdle, or waste band.

A fow, a foole.

Lythe, soft and gentle.

Venteth, snuffeth in the wind.

Thy flockes father, the ram.

Craggs, necks.

Rather Lambes, that beewed early in the beginning of the yeere.

Youthis, a verie morall and pithy Allegorie of youth, and the lusts thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.

Tytirus, I suppose he meanes *Chaucer*, whose praise for pleasant tales cannot die, so long as the memorie of his name shall liue, and the name of poetrie shall endure.

Well shewed, that is, *Bene morata*, full of morall wisenesse.

There grew. This tale of the Oake and the Breere, he telleth as learned of *Chaucer*, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to *Aesops* fables. It is very excellent for pleasant descriptions, beeing altogether a certaine Icon, or Hypotyposis of disdainfull yonkers. *Embellisht*, beautified and adorned.

To wonne, to haunt or frequent.

Sneb, checke.

Woy standst, the speech is scornfull and verie presumptuous.

Engrained, died in graine.

Accloietb, accumbreth.

Adared, daunted and confounded.

Trees of state, taller trees, fit for timber wood.

Sterne strife, said *Chaucer*,

f. fell and sturdie.

O my liege, a manner of supplication, wherein is kindlie coloured the affection and speech of ambitious men.

Coronall, garland.

Flourets, young blossoms.

The Primrose, the chiefe and worthiest.

Naked armes, metaphorically meant of the bare boughs, spoiled of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging him to the fire.

The blood, spoken of a blocke, as it were of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and

(as they say) *Kai' exochen.*

Hoarie lockes, metaphorically for withered leaues.

Hent, caught. *Nould*, for would not. *Aye*, euermore.

Wounds, gashes. *Enaunter*, least that.

The Priests crew, holy-water pot; wherewith the popish priests vsed to sprinkle & hallow the trees from mischance. Such blindness was in those times: which the poet supposeth to haue been the finall decay of this ancient Oake.

The blocke oft groaned: a liuely figure, which giueth sense and feeling to vn sensible creatures, as *Virgil* also saith: *Saxa gemunt gravido, &c.*

Boreas, the Northren wind, that bringeth the most stormy weather.

Glee, Cheare and iollitie.

For scorning eld, And minding (as should seeme) to haue made rime to the former verse.

Galage, a startup or clownish shooc.

Embleme.

This Embleme is spoken of *Thenot*, as a morall of his former tale: namelic, that God, which is himselfe most aged, beeing before all ages, and without beginning, maketh those whom he loueth, like to himselfe, in heaping yeeres vnto their daies, and blessing them with long life. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto whom God will so bleffe. And albeit that many euill men reach vnto such fulnesse of yeeres, and some also waxe old in miserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men, such number of yeeres is added, that they may in their last daies repent, and come to their first home: So the old man checketh the raw-headed boy, for despising his gray and frostie haire.

Whom *Cuddie* doth counterbuffe with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken in deed at the first in contempt of old-age generally. For it was an old opinion, & yet is continued in some mens conceit, that men of yeeres haue no feare of God at all, or not so much as younger folke: For that beeing ripened with long experience, & hauing passed many bitter brunts, and blasts of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of men; as beeing either by long and ripe wisdom armed against all mischances and aduersities, or with much trouble hardened against all troublesome tides. Like vnto the Ape, of which is said in *Æsops* fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lion, he was at first fore agast, and dismayed at the grimnesse and austeritie of his countenance; but at last, beeing acquainted with his lookes, he was so farre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest at him: Such long experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please *Erasmus*, a great clarke, and good old father, more fatherly and fauourably, to construe it in his Adages, for his owne behoofe; That by the prouerbe, *Nemo senex metuit Ionem*, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at all, but that they be far from superstition and idolatrous regard of false gods, as is *Iupiter*. But his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plaine, to be gaine-said, that old men are much more inclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heads.

March,



Aegloga tertia.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Aeglogue, two shepheards boyes, taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and other pleasance, which to Spring-time is most agreeable. The speciall meaning heereof, is to giue certaine marks and tokens, to knowe *Cupid*, the Poets God of loue. But more particularly I thinke, in the person of *Thomalin*, is meant some secret friend, who scorned loue and his Knights so long, till at length himselfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is *Cupids* arrow.

WILLIE.

THOMALIN, why sitten wee so,
As weren ouerwent with wo,
Vpon so faire a morrow?
The ioyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall allege this bitter blast,
And slake the Winter sorrow.

THOMALIN.

Siker WILLIE, thou warnest well:
For Winters wrath begins to quell,
And pleasant Spring appeareth.
The grasse now ginnes to be refresht:
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

WILLIE.

Seest not this like same Hawthorne studded,
How bragly it begins to budde,
And vnder his tender head?
FLORA now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready MAIAs bower,

THOMALIN.

That new is vprist from bed.
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with LETTICE to wexe light,
That scornefully looks askaunce:
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That now sleepeth in LETTICE lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

THOMALIN.

WILLIE, I weene thou be assot:
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

WILLIE.

How kenst thou that he is awoke?
Or hast thy selfe his slumber broke?
Or made priuie to the same?

THOMALIN.

No, but happily I him spide,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blew.

And

And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The prinie markes I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.

WILLIE.

THOMALIN, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I haue a tyre,
A stepdame eke as hote as fyre,
That duly adies counts mine.

THOMALIN.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sh epe for that may chance to swerue,
And fall into some mischiefe.
For sithe is but the thirde morrow,
That I chaunst to fall asleep with sorrow,
And waked againe with grife:
The while thilke lame vnhappy Ewe,
Whose clouted legges her hurt doth shew,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there vnoynted both her bones:
Mought her necke been ioyned attones,
Shee should haue need no more spell.
Th'else was to wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene.

WILLY.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs what the . . . haist seene.

THOMALIN.

It was vpon a holy day,
When shepheards groomes han leaue to play,
I cast to goe a shooting:
Long wandring vp and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting:
At length, within the Ivie todde,
(There shrouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listning if any thing did rust,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the mooing of some quicke,

Whose shape appeared not:
But were it facie, fceend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shot.
With that sprang forth a naked swaine,
With spotted wings like Peacocks traine,
And laughing lope to a tree,
His gilden quiuer at his backe,
And siluer bowe which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at mee.
That seeing, I leueld againe,
And shot at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hailed.
So long I shot, that all was spent,
Tho pumie stones I hastily hent,
And threw: but nought auailed.
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he leaped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith affraid, I ranne away:
But he, that earst seem'd but to play,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running, in the heele:
For then I little smart did feele,
But soone it fore increased.
And now it rankleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth fore,
Ne wote I, how to cease it.

WILLY.

THOMALIN, I pittie thy plight,
Perdy with Loue thou diddest fight:
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught vpon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion crows had set,
That in our Peare-tree haunted:
Tho said, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had:
Else had he sore be daunted.
But see, the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping PHOEBVS steepes his face:
Its time to haste vs homeward.

Willies Embleme.

*To be wise, and eke to loue,
Is granted scarce to God aboue.*

Thomalins Embleme.

*Of honie and of gaul, in loue there is store.
The honie is much, but the gaul is more.*

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

This *Eglogue* seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of *Theocritus*, wherein the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shotte at a winged boy in a tree, was by him warned to beware of mischief to come.

Ouerwent, ouergone.

Alegg, to lessen or allwage.

To quell, to abate.

Welkin, the skie.

The Swallow, which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it were the fore-runner of the Spring.

Flora, the Goddesse of flowers, but indeed (as saith *Tacitus*) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her body hauing gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heire: who in remembrance of so great beneficence, appointed a yearely feast for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe thinke, *Andronica*, but *Flora*: making her the goddesse of all flowers, and dooing yeerely to her solemne sacrifice.

Maia's bower, that is, the pleasant field, or rather the May bushes. *Maia* is a goddesse, and the mother of *Mercurius*, in honour of whom the moneth of May is of her name so called, as saith *Macrobius*.

Lettice, the name of some Country Lasse.

Ascaunce, askew, or askint.

For thy, therefore.

Lethe, is a lake in hell, which the poets call the lake of forgetfulness: (For *Lethe* signifieth forgetfulness) wherein the soules beeing dipped, did forget the cares of their former life. So that by sleeping in *Lethe* lake, hee meaneth hee was almost forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reason of Winters hardnesse, when all pleasures, as it were, sleepe and weare out of mind.

Assotte, to dote.

His slumber: to breake Loues slumber, to exercise the delights of loue and wanton pleasures.

Wings of purple, so is he fained of the poets.

For als, he imitateth *Virgil's* verse:

Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca, &c.

A dell, a hole in the ground.

Spell, is a kind of verse or charme, that in elder times they vsed often to say ouer euery thing that they would haue preserued: as the night-spell for theeues, and the wood-spell. And heere-hence, I thinke, is named the Gospell, or word. And so saith *Chaucer*, Listen Lordings to my spell.

Gang, goe.

An Ivi totode, a thicke bush.

Swaine, a boy: For so is he described of the Poets, to be a boy, & alwaies fresh and lustie, blindfolded, because hee maketh no difference of personages, with diuerse coloured wings, & full of flying fancies, with bowe and arrow, that is with glaunce of beautie, which pricketh as a forked arrow. Hee is said also to haue shafts, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorrow for the loue that is disdained or forsaken. But who list more at large to behold *Cupids* colours and furniture, let him reade either *Propertius*, or *Moschus* his *Idyllion* of winged loue, beeing now most excellently translated into Latine, by the singular learned man *Angelus Politianus*: Which worke I haue seene, amongst other of this poets dooings, very well translated also into English rimes.

Wimble and wight, quicke and deliuer.

Latched, caught.

In the heele, is very poetically spoken, and not without speciall iudgement. For I remember that in *Homer* it is said of *Thetis*, that shee tooke her young babe *Achilles* beeing newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the riuer of *Stix*. The vertue whereof is, to defend & keepe the bodies washed therein, from any mortall wound. So *Achilles* beeing washed all ouer saue onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable: therefore by *Paris* was fained to be shot with a poysoned arrow in the heele, while he was busie about the marrying of *Polixena*, in the Temple of *Apollo*. Which mysticall fable *Eustathius* vnfoldings, saith: that by wounding in the heele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Phylitians) to the priue parts, there passe certaine veines and slender sinewes, as also the like come from the head, and are caried like little pipes behind the eares: so that (as saith *Hippocrates*) if those veines there be cut asunder, the partie straight becommeth cold & vnfruitfull. Which reason our poet well weighing, maketh this shepheards boy of purpose to be wounded in the heele.

Wroken, reuenged.

For once. In this tale is set out the simplicities of shepheards opinion of loue.

Stouping Phœbus, is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Heereby is meant, that all the delights of loue, wherein wanton youth vvalloveth, bee but follie mixt with bitternesse, and sorrowe sawced with repentance. For besides that the verie affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mind, & vexeth the bodie many waies, with vnrestfulnesse all night, and wearinesse all day, seeking for that wee cannot haue, & finding that we vould not haue: euen the selfe things which best before vs liked, in course of time, and change of riper yeeres, which also there-withall changeth our wonted liking & former fantasies, will then seem loathsome, and breed vs annoyance, when youths flower is withered, and we find our bodies and wits answere not to such vaine iollitie and lustfull pleasure.



April,



Aegloga quarta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is purposely intended to the honor & praise of our most gracious Soueraigne, Queene *Elizabeth*. The speakers heereof be *Hobbinoll* and *Thenot*, two shepheards: the which *Hobbinoll* beeing before mentioned, greatly to haue loued *Colin*, is heere set forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great misadventure in loue, whereby his mind was alienated, and withdrawne not onely from him, who most loued him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant piping, as cunning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercisēs. Whereby hee taketh occasion, for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to record a song, which the said *Colin* sometime made in honour of her Maiestie, whom abruptly he tearmeth *Elisa*.

THENOT.

Tell me good *HOBBINOLL*, what gars thee greet?
What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambs ytorne?
Or is thy Bagpipe broke, that sounds so sweet?
Or art thou of thy loued Lasse forlorne?

Or beene thine eyes attempted to the yeere,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with raine?
Like Aprill showre, to streames the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quench thy thirstie paine.

HOBBINOLL.

Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourne,
But for the lad, whom long I loued so deere,
Now loues a Lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:
He plung'd in paine, his treffed lockes doth tear.

HOBBINOLL.

Shepheards delights hee doth them all forswear.
His pleasant Pipe, which made vs merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted songs, wherein he all out-went.

THENOT.

What is he for a Lad, you so lament?
Is loue such pinching paine, to them that proue?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bridle loue?

HOBBINOLL.

COLIN thou kenst the Southerne shepheards boy:
Him loue hath wounded with a deadly dart.
Whilome on him was all my care and ioy,
Forcing with gifts to winne his waton hart.

But

But now from me his madding mind is start,
And woos the widdowes daughter of the glenne:
So now faire ROSALINDE hath bred his smart,
So now his friend is changed for a fren.

THENOT.

But if his ditties be so trimly dight,
I pray thee HOBBINOLL record some one,
The whiles our flocks doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in this shade alone.

HOBBINOLL.

Contented I: then will I sing his lay,
Of faire ELISA, Queene of Shepheards all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he lay,
And tuned it vnto the waters fall.

YE daintie Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke,
do bathe your brest,
Forlake your watric bowres, and hither looke,
at my request.
And kee you virgins that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helycon*, the learned Well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of faire ELISA be your siluer song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may she flourish long,
in princely plight.
For she is SYRINX daughter without spot:
Which PAN the shepheards God of her begot:
So sprung her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemish may her blot.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight)
Yelad in Scarlet, like a mayden Queene,
and Erimines white.
Vpon her head a Crimofin Coronet,
With damaske Roses, and Daffadillies set:
Bayleates betweene,
And Primroses greene,
Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, haue yee seene her angel-like face,
like PHOEBE faire?
Her heavenly hauiour, her princely grace,
can you well compare?
The Red rose medled with the White yfere,²
In either cheek depeint liuely cheere:
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie,
Where haue you seene the like but there?

I saw PHOEBVS thrust out his golden hed,
vpon her to gaze:
But when he saw, how broad her beames did spread
it did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fierie face out-showe:

Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shew thy selfe CYNTHIA, with thy siluer raies,
and be not abasht:
When she the beames of her beautie displaies,
O how art thou dafht?
But I will not match her with LATONAES seede:
Such follie, great sorrow to NIOBE did breede,
Now she is a stone,
And makes daily mone;³
Warning all other to take heed.

PAN may be proude, that euer he begot,
such a Bellibone,⁴
And SYRINX reioyce, that euer was her lot
to beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milke white Lambe:
Shee is my Goddesse plaine,
And I her shepheards swaine,
Albee forsworne and forsworn I am.

I see CALLIOPE speed her to the place,
where my Goddesse shines:
And after her the other Muses trace
with their Violines.
Beene they not Bay-branches, which they doe beare,
All for ELISA in her hand to weare?
So sweetly they play:
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote
to the Instrument:
They dauncen deftly, and singen soote,⁹
in their meriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce euen?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuen:¹⁰
Shee shall be a Grace
To fill the fourth place,
And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe?
They been all Ladies of the Lake behight,¹¹
that vnto her goe.
CHLORIS, that is the chiefeft Nymph of all,
Of Oliue branches beares a Coronall:
Oliues been for peace,
When warres doe surcease:
Such for a Princesse beene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hie you there apace:
Let none come there but that Virgins been,
to adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas she is in place,
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Bind your fillets fast,

And

And gird in your waste,
For more fineness with a tawdrie lace.
Bring hither the Pinke, and purple Cullumbine,
with Gilliflowres:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in vvine,
worne of Paramours.
Strowe me the ground with Daffadownillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:
The prettie Pawnee,
And the Cheuisaunce,
Shall match with the faire flowre Delice.
Now rise vp ELIZA, decked as thou art,
in royall ray:
And now ye daintie Damsels may depart

each one his way.
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes too long:
Let dame ELIZA thanke you for her song.
And if you come beather,
When Damsins I gather,
I will part them all you among.
THENOT.
And was thilke same song of COLIN'S owne making?
Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
For naught caren, that been so lewdly bent.
HOBBINOLL.
Siker I hold him for a greater son,
That loues the thing he cannot purchase.
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,
And twinkling starres the daught hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo!

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certe.

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greet, causeth thee vveep & complaine. *Forlorne*, left & forsaken.
Attempted to the yeere, agreeable to the season of the yeere, that is Aprill, vvhich
moneth is most bent to showers and seasonable raine: to quench, that is, to delay the
drought, caused through drinell of March winds.
The Lad, Colin Clout. *The Lasse*, Rosalinda. *Tressed locks*, vvithered and curled.
Is he for a lad? A strange maner of speaking. f. vvhat manner of lad is he?
To make, to rime and versifie. For in this word, making, our old English Poets
were wont to comprehend all the skill of Poetrie, according to the Greeke vvord
Poiein, to make, whence commeth the name of Poets.
Colin thou kenst, knowest. Seemeth heereby that Colin pertaineth to some Sou-
thern Noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent; the rather, because he so often na-
meth the Kentish downes: and before, *As lithe*, as lasse of Kent.
The vvidowes. He calleth Rosalind the widowes daughter of the Glenne, that is, of
a countrey Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather said to colour and conceale
the person, then simply spoken. For it is vvell knowne, euen in spight of *Colin* and
Hobbinoll, that she is a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endued with any vul-
gar and common gifts, both of nature and maners: but such indeed, as need neither
Colin be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor *Hobbinoll* be grieved
that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular vertues:
Specially deservuing it no lesse, then either *Myrto* the most excellent Poet *Theocri-
tus* his darling, or *Lauretta* the diuine *Petrarches* goddesse, or *Himera* the vvorthy
poet *Stesichorus* his Idol: vpon whom hee is said so much to haue doted, that in re-
gard of her excellencie, hee scorned and wrote against the beautie of *Helena*. For
which his presumptuous and vnheedie hardinesse, hee is said by vengeance of the
gods, (thereat beeing offended) to haue lost both his eyes.
Frenne, a stranger. The word I thinke was first poetically put, and afterward vsed
in common custome of speech for forrenne.

Dight, adorned.

Laye, a song, as Roundelays, or Virelays.

C.

In

In all this song, is not to be respected vvhhat the vvorthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor what to the highnesse of a Prince is agreeable, but vvhhat is most comely for the meannesse of a shepheards wit, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her *Elisa*, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: and a shepheards daughter; it beeing very vnfit, that a shepheards boy, brought vp in the sheepfold, should know, or euer seeme to haue heard of a Queenes royaltie.

Ye daintie, is as it vv ere an *Exordium ad preparandos animos*.

Virgins, the nine Muses, daughters of *Apollo*, and *Memorie*, vv hose abode the Poets feigne to be on *Parnassus*, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrey specially flourished the honour of all excellent studies.

Helicon, is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of *Parnassus*, and also of a mountaine in *Boetia*, out of the vv hich floweth the famous spring *Castalius*, dedicate also to the Muses: of vv hich spring it is said, that vv hen *Pegasus* the vv inged horse of *Perseus* (vv hereby is meant fame, and flying renowne) strooke the ground with his hoofe, suddainly thereout sprang a vv ell of most cleare and pleasant vv ater, vv hich from thence was consecrate to the Muses and Ladies of learning.

Your siluer song, seemeth to imitate the like in *Hesiodus argurion melos*.

Syrinx, is the name of a Nymph of *Arcadie*, vv hom when *Pan* being in loue pursued, she flying from him, of the Gods vv as turned into a reed. So that *Pan* catching at the reeds, in stead of the *Damofell*, and puffing hard, (for hee was almost out of vv inde) with his breath made the reedes to pipe; vv hich he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembrance of his lost loue, made him a pipe thereof. But heere by *Pan* and *Syrinx* is not to be thought, that the shepheards plainly meant those poetickall Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine & immortal (so as the Paynims were vv ont to iudge of all Kings and Princees, according to *Homers* saying;

Thumos de megas esti diotrepheos basileos.

Time d'ek dios esti, philes de emetieta Zen.)

could deuise no parents in his iudgement so vv oorthy for her, as *Pan* the shepheards God, and his best beloued *Syrinx*. So that by *Pan* is heere meant the most famous and victorious king, her highnesse father late of vv oorthie *memorie*, King *Henrie* the eight. And by that name, oftentimes (as heereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mightie potentates: And in some place, *Christ* himselfe, who is the verie *Pan* and God of shepheards.

Crimosin Coronet: he deuifeth her crowne to bee of the finest and most delicate flowers, in stead of pearles and precious stones wherevv ith Princes diademes vse to be adorned and embolt.

Embellisht, beautified and set out.

Phebe, the Moone, vv hom the Po-

ets feigne to be sister vv nto *Phœbus*, that is the Sunne.

Medled, mingled.

Yfere, together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is meant the vv niting of the two principall houses of *Lancaster* & *Yorke*: by whose long discord and deadly debate, this realme many yeeres vv as fore trauailed, and almost cleane decayed: Till the famous *Henry* the seauenth, of the line of *Lancaster*, taking to wife the most vertuous princeesse *Elizabeth*, daughter to the fourth *Edward* of the house of *Yorke*, begat the most royall *Henrie* the eight aforesaid, in whom was the first vv nion of the White rose, and the Redde.

Calliope, one of the nine Muses: to vv hom they assigne the honour of all poetickall inuention, & the first glory of the Heroical verse. Other say, that she is the Goddesse of *Rhetoricke*: but by *Virgil* it is manifest, that they mistake the thing. For there

there is in his Epigrams, that Art seemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying:

Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.

Which seemeth specially to be meant of Action, and Elocution, both speciall parts of Rhetorick: beside that her name, vvhich (as some construe it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part. But I hold rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Polyhimnia, of her good singing.

Bay branches, be the signe of honour and victorie, and therefore of mighty conquerours worne in their triumphs; and eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in his Sonets.

*Arbor victoriosa triumphale,
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poeti, &c.*

The Graces, be three sisters, the daughters of *Iupiter*, (vvhose names are *Aglaiā*, *Thalia*, *Euphrosine*: and *Homer* onely addeth a fourth. i. *Pasithea*) otherwise called *Charities*, that is, thanks. VVhom the Poets fained to be goddesses of all beaurie & comlinesse; vvhich therefore (as saith *Theodontius*) they make three, to weete, that men ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely: then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteously: and thirdly, to requite them thankfully: vvhich are three sundry actions in liberalitie. And *Boccace* saith, that they be painted naked (as they vvere indeed on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the one hauing her back to vvards vs, and her face from vvard, as proceeding from vs: the other two to vvard vs: noting double thank to be due for the benefite we haue done.

Deffly, finely and nimbly. *Soote*, sweete. *Meriment*, mirth.

Beuie. A beuie of Ladies, is spoken figuratiuely for a companie or a troupe, the tearm is taken of Larks. For they say a beuie of Larks, euen as a couey of Partridges, or an eye of Phefants.

Ladies of the lake, be Nymphs. For it was an old opinion among the ancient heathen, that of every spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Soueraigne. Which opinion stuck in the minds of men not many yeares since, by means of certain fine fablers, & loude lyers, such as were the authors of king Arthur the great, & such like, vvho tell many an vnlawfull leasing of the Ladies of the lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the vvord Nymph in Greeke, signifieth vvell-water; or otherwise, a Spoule or Bride.

Behight, called or named.

Chloris, the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse: of vvhom is said, that Zephyrus the VVestern wind being in loue with her, & coucting her to vvife, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and soueraigntie of all flovvres, and green hearbs, growing on the earth.

Oliues beene. The Oliue was wont to be the Ensigne of peace and quietnesse, either for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace: or else, for that the Oliue tree, they say, will not grow neare the Firre tree, vvhich is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vied most for speares, and other instruments of vvwarre. VVherevpon is finely fained, that when Neptune and Minerua stroue for the naming of the City of Athens, Neptune striking the ground vvith his Mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth war; but at Mineruaes stroke, sprung out an Oliue, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, & such peaceable studies.

Bind your, spoken rudely, and according to shepheards simplicitie.

Bring: all these be names of flowers. Sops in wine; a flower in colour much like to

a Carnation, but differing in smell and quantitie. Flowvre delice, that which they vse to mistcarne, flowvre deluce, beeing in Latine called *Flos deliciarum*.

A bellibone, or a Bonnibel, homely spoken for a faire maid, or bonilasse.

Forsworne, and *forswat*, ouer-laboured and sunne-burnt.

I saw Phaëbus, the Sunne. A sensible narration, and a present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *Parousia*.

Cynthia, the Moone, so called of *Cinthus* a hill, vvhere she was honoured.

Latonaes seede, was *Apollo* and *Diana*. Whom vvhen as *Niobe* the wife of *Amphion* scorned, in respect of the noble fruite of her wombe, namely, her seauen sonnes, and so many daughters, *Latona* beeing therewith displeased, commaunded her son *Phaëbus* to slay all the sonnes, and *Diana* all the daughters: vvhereat the vnfortunate *Niobe* beeing fore dismaied, and lamenting out of measure, was fained by the Poets to be turned into a stone, vpon the Sepulchre of her children: for which cause, the Shepheard saith, he will not compare her to them, for feare of misfortune.

Non rise, is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her with praises and comparisons, he returneth all the thanke of his labour, to the excellencie of her maiestie.

When Damsius, A base reward of a clownish giuer.

Yblent, Y is a poeticall addition, blent, blended.

Embleme.

This poesie is taken out of *Virgil*, & there of himselfe vsed in the person of *Aeneas* to his mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likenesse of one of *Dianaes* damosels, beeing there most diuinely set foorth. To which similitude of diuinitie, *Hobbinoll* comparing the excellencie of *Elisa*, and being through the vvorthinesse of *Colins* song, as it were, overcome with the hugenesse of his imagination, bursteth out in great admiration (*O quam te memorem virgo!*) beeing otherwise vnable, then by sudden silence, to expresse the vvorthinesse of his conceit. Whom *Thenot* answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his grant and approuance, that *Elisa* is no whit inferior to the Maiestie of her, of vvho the poet so boldly pronounced, *O dea certe*.



May.



Aegloga quinta.

ARGUMENT.

IN this fift Aeglogue, vnder the person of two shepheards, *Piers* and *Palinode*, be represented two formes of Pastours or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholike; whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other: with whom hauing shewed, that it is dangerous to maintaine any fellowship, or giue too much credite to their colourable and fained good will, hee telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that by such a counterpoint of craftinesse, deceiued and deuoured the credulous Kidde.

PALINODE.

IS not this the merrie month of May,
When loue-lads masken in fresh aray?
How falls it then, we no merrier beene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdie greene?
Our blonket lieries been all too sad
For thilke same season, when all is yclad
With pleasance, the ground with grasse, the woods
With greene leaues, the bushes with blossoming buds.
Youths folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather May-baskets, and smelling Breere:
And home they hasten the posts to dight,
And all the Kirke pillars ere day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and sweet Eglantine,
And girlonds of Roses, and Sops in wine.
Such merrie-make holy Saints doth queme:
But we heere sitten as drownd in a dreame.

PIERS.

For yonkers *PALINODE* such follies fit,
But we tway beene men of elder wit.

PIERS.

PALINODE.

Siker, this morrow, no longer ago,
I saw a shole of Shepheards out go,
With singing, and showing, and iolly cheere;
Before them yode a lustie Tabrere,
That to the meynie a horne-pipe plaid,
Whereto they dauncen each one with his maide.
To see these folkes make such iouisfunce,
Made my hart after the pipe to daunce.
Tho to the greene wood they speeden them all,
To fetchen home May with their muscical:
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene atone
Was Ladie *FLORA*, on whom did attend
A faire flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend
Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladies their May-bush beare.)
Ah *PIERS*, been thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
How great sport they gaynen with little swinke?

PIERS.

Perdie, so farre am I from enuie,
 That their fondnesse inly I pittie:
 Those faytours little regarden their charge,
 While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
 Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
 In lustinesse, and wanton merriment.
 Thilke same been shepheards for the diuels stedde,
 That playen while their flocks be vnfedde.
 Well it is seene their sheepe is not their owne,
 That letten them runne at randon alone.
 But they been hired for little pay,
 Of other, that caren as little as they,
 What fallen the flock, so they han the fleece,
 And get all the gaine, paying but a peece.
 I mule, whar account both these will make,
 The one for the hire, which he doth take,
 And th'other for leauing his Lords taske,
 When great P A N account of shepheards shall aske.

PALINODE.

Siker, now I see thou speakest of spight,
 All for thou lackest some dele their delight.
 I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
 All were it of my foe, then sonly pittied:
 And yet, if need were, pittied would be,
 Rather then other should scorne at me:
 For pittied, is mishap, that nas remedie,
 But scorned, been deeds of fond foolerie.
 What shoulde shepheards other things tend,
 Then sith their God his good does them send,
 Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
 The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?
 For when they be dead, their good is ygoe,
 They sleepe in rest, well as other moe:
 Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
 But what they left behind them, is lost.
 Good is no good, but if it bespend:
 God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah PALINODE, thou art a worlds childe:
 Who touches pitch mought needs be defilde.
 But Shepheards (as Algrind vsed to say)
 Mought not liue ylike, as men of the lay.
 With them it sits to care for their heire,
 Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
 They must prouide for meanes of maintenance,
 And to continue their wont countenance.
 But shepheard must walke another way,
 Sike wordly soudenante he must fore-say.
 The sonne of his loynes why should he regard,
 To leaue enriched with that he hath spar'd?
 Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
 Eke cherish his childe, if in his waies he stood?
 For if he misliue, in lewdnesse and lust,
 Little bootes all the wealth and the trust,
 That his father left by inheritance,
 All will be soone wasted with misgouernance.
 But through this, and other their miscreance,
 They maken many a wrong cheuifance,
 Heaping vp waues of wealth and woe,
 The floods whereof shall them overflowe.

Sike mens follie I cannot compare
 Better, then to the Apes foolish care,
 That is so enamoured of her young one,
 (And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
 That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
 She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
 So often times, when as good is meat,
 Euill ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may againe retorne,
 (For oft may happen that hath been beforen)
 When shepheards had none inheritance,
 Ne of land, nor fee in sufferance;
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
 Well ywis was it with shepheards tho:
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgo,
 For P A N himselfe was their inheritance,
 And little them serued for their maintenance.
 The shepheards God so well them guided,
 That of nought they were vnprouided:
 Butter enough, honny, milke, and whay,
 And their flock fleeces them to array.
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie,
 (That, nource of vice, this of insolencie)
 Lulled the Shepheards in such securitie,
 That not content with loyall obeyfance,
 Some gan to gape for greedy gouernance,
 And match themselves with mightie potentates,
 Louers of Lordships, and troublers of states.
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft,
 And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft.
 Tho vnder colour of shepheards, some-while,
 There crept in Wolues, full of fraude and guile,
 That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
 And often the shepheards that did them keepe.
 This was the first sourse of shepheards sorrow,
 That now nill be quit with bale, nor borrow.

PALINODE.

Three things to beare, been very burdenous,
 But the fourth to forbear, is outrageous.
 Women that of loues longing once lust,
 Hardly forbearen, but haue it they must:
 So when choler is enflamed with rage,
 Wanting reuenge, is hard to aswage:
 And who can counsell a thirstie soule,
 With patience to forbear the offred boule?
 But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
 Most is, a foolles talke to beare and to heare.
 I weene the giant has not such a weight,
 That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
 Thou findest fault, where nys to be found,
 And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
 Thou railest on right, without reason,
 And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
 How woulde shepheards liue, if not so?
 What should they pynen in paine and wo?
 Nay, say I thereto, by my deare borrow,
 If I may rest, I nill liue in sorrow.

Sorrow ne need to be hastened on:
 For he will come without calling anone.
 While times enduren of tranquillitie,

Vfen

Vhen we freely our felicitie:
For when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulders beare off the sharpe
And sooth to saine, nought seemeth like strife, (showres.
That shepheards so twiten each others life,
And layen their faults the world before,
The while their foes done each of them scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be amended:
So conteck, soone by concord, mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepherd, I list no accordance make
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake.
And of the twaine, if choise were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my friend he be.
For what concord han light and darke sam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
Such faitors, when their false harts been hid,
Will do, as did the Foxe by the Kid.

PALINODE.

Now PIERS, of fellowship, tell vs that saying:
For the Lad can keepe both our flocks from straying.

PIERS.

THilke same Kidde (as I can well deuise)
Was too very foolish and vnwise.
For, on a time, in Sommer season,
The Goat her dame, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroad vnto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what she thought good:
But, for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
She set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and lovely to see,
And full of fauour, as Kidde mought bee.
His veluet head began to shoote out,
And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:
The blossomes of lust to bud did begin,
And sprung forth rankly vnder his chin.

My sonne (quoth she) and wish that gan wepe:
(For carefull thoughts in her hart did creepe)
God blesse thee poore Orphane, as he mought me,
And send thee ioy of thy iollitie.
Thy father (that word she spake with paine,
For a sigh had nigh rent her hart in twaine)
Thy father, had he liued this day,
To see the branches of his body display,
How would he haue ioyed at this sweet sight?
But ah, false Fortune such ioy did him spight,
And cut off his daies with vntimely we,
Betraying him vnto the traines of his fo.
Now I a waillefull widow behight,
Of my old age haue this one delight,
To see thee succede in thy fathers stead,
And flourish in flowers of lustiehead.
For euen so thy father his head vpheld,
And so his hautie hornes did he weld.

Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throb from her hart did arise,
And interrupted all her other speech,
With some old sorrow that made a new breach:
Seemed she saw (in her younglings face)
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.

At last, her fullen silence she broke,
And gan his new budded beard to stroke.
Kiddie (quoth she) thou kenst the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wilde beasts ligen in waite,
For to intrap in thy tender state:
But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:
For he has vowed thy last confusion.
For thy my Kiddie, be ruled by me,
And neuer giue trust to his trecherie:
And if he chaunce come when I am abroad,
Sparre the yate fast, for feare of fraude.
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the doore at his request.

So schooled the Goate her wanton sonde,
That answered his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensine Dame out of doore,
And chaunst to stumble at the threshold floore:
Her stumbling step somewhat her amazed,
(For such as signes of ill lucke hath been dispraised)
Yet forth she yode, thereat halfe agast,
And Kiddie the doore sparted after her fast.
It was not long after she was gone,
But the false Foxe came to the doore alone.
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend:
Bearing a trust of trifles at his back,
As belles, and babies, and glasses in his pack.
A biggen he had got about his braine,
For in his headpeece he felt a sore paine:
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout.
There at the doore he cast me downe his packe,
And laid him downe, and groned, alack, alacke:
Ah deere Lord, and sweet Saint Charitie,
That some good body would once pittie me.

Well heard Kiddie all this fore constraint,
And lengd to know the cause of his complaint:
Tho creeping close, behind the Wickers clinke,
Priuily he peeped out through a chinke:
Yet not so priuily but the Foxe him spied,
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.

Ah, good young Maister (then gan he cry)
Iesus blesse that sweet face I espie,
And keepe your corps from the carefull stounds
That in my carrion carkas abounds.

The Kidde, pitying his heauinesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he were.

Tho he, that had wel ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare:
Sicke, sicke, alas, a little lacke of dead,
But I be relieved by your beastlie-head.
I am a poore sheepe, albe my colour dunne:
For with long trauaile I am brent in the sunne.
And if that my Grandfire me said, be true,
Siker I am very sybbe to you:
So be your goodlihead doe not disdain
The base kinned of so simple swaine.
Of mercie and fauour then I you pray,
With your ayde to forestall my neere decay.

Tho

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:
Wherein while Kiddie vniwares did looke,
Hee was so enamoured with the newel,
That nought he deemed deare for the Jewel.
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The false Foxe, as he were starke lame,
His taile he clapt betwixt his legs twaine,
Left he should be defcried by his traine.

Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the loue of the glasse he did see.
After his cheare, the Pedler gan chat,
And tell many lesings of this, and that:
And how he could shew many a fine knack.
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All saue a bell, which he left behind
In the basket, for the Kidde to find.
Which when the Kidde stouped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did larch:
Ne slayed he once, the doore to make fast,
But ranne away with him in all hast.

Home when the doubtfull Dame had her hide,
She mought see the dore stand open wide.
All agast, lowdly she gan to call

Her Kidde: but he nould answere at all.
Tho on the flore she saw the marchandise,
Of which her sonne had set too deare a price.
What helpe? her Kidde she knew well is gone:
She weeped and wailed, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde: for he nould warned be
Of craft coloured with simplicitie:
And such end pardie does all hem remaine,
That of such falsers friendship beene faine.

PALINODE.

Truly P I E R S, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit.
Now I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our fir I O H N, to say to morrow,
At the Kirke, when it is holiday:
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But and if Foxes beene so craftie, as so,
Much needeth all Shepheards hem to know.

P I E R S.

Of their falshood more could I recount,
But now the bright sunne ginneth to dismount:
And for the deawie night now draw'th nie,
I hold it best for vs home to hie.

Palinodes Embleme.

Pas men apistos apistei.

Piers his Embleme.

Tis d'ara pistis apisto.

G L O S S E.

Thilke, this same moneth. It is applied to the season of the moneth, when all men delight themselves with the pleasance of fields, and gardens and garments.

Blonket lineries, gray coats. *Yclad*, arrayed. Y, redowndeth, as before.

In euery where, a strange, yet proper kind of speaking.

Buskets, a diminutiue. i. little bushes of hawthorne.

Kirke, Church.

Queme, please.

A shole, a multitude: taken of fish, whereof some going in great companies, are said to swim in a shole.

Yode, vvent.

Iouisauunce, ioy.

Swinke, labour.

Inly, entirely.

Faytcours, vagabonds.

Great Pan, is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the great and good shepheard. The name is most rightly (mee thinks) applied to him; for *Pan* lignifieth all, or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of *Eusebius*, in his fift booke *De preparat. Euange.* who thereof telleth a proper storie to that purpose. Which storie is first recorded of *Plutarch*, in his booke of the ceasing of miracles: and of *Lanatore* translated, in his booke of walking spirits. Who saith, that about the same time that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion, for the redemption of man, certaine persons sayling fro Italie to Cyprus, and passing by certaine Iles called *Paxa*, heard a voyce calling aloud, *Thamus*, *Thamus*, (now *Thamus* was the name of an Egyptian, which was

Pylot

Pylot of the ship) who giuing eare to the cry, was bidden, vvhen hee came to *Palodes*, to tell that the great *Pan* was dead: vvich he doubting to doe, yet for that whē he came to *Palodes* there suddenly was such a calme of vvind, that the ship stood still in the sea vnmooued, he was forced to cry aloud, that *Pan* vvvas dead: vvherevvithall, there was heard such pitious outcries, and dreadfull shrieking, as hath not bene the like. By vvich *Pan*, though of some be vvnderstood the great *Sathanas*, vvhoſe kingdome vvvas at that time by *Chriſt* conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and Death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as hee ſaith, all Oracles ſurceaſed; and enchaunted ſpirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace:) and alſo at the demaund of the Emperour *Tiberius*, who that *Pan* ſhould be, anſwere was made him by the wiſeſt and beſt learned, that it was the ſonne of *Mercurie*, and *Peſelope*: yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of *Chriſt*, the onely and verie *Pan*, then ſuffering for his flocke.

I as I am, ſeemeth to imitate the common prouerbe, *Malim inuideri mihi omnes, quàm miſereſcere.*

Nas, is a ſyncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould for would not.

Tho vvith them, doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous king, *Sardanapalus*, vvich he cauſed to be vvritten on his tombe in Greeke: vvich verſes be thus tranſlated by *Tullie*.

“Hac habui quæ edi, quæque exaurata libido

“Hauſit: at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.

Which may thus be turned into Engliſh.

“All that I eate, did I ioi; and all that I greedily gorged:

“As for thoſe many goodly matters, left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good Earle of Deuonſhire, vvich though much more vvſedome bewraith then *Sardanapalus*, yet hath a ſmacke of his ſenſuall delights and beaſtlineſſe; the times be theſe:

“Ho, ho, vvho lies heere?

“I the good Earle of Deuonſhire,

“And Mauld my wife that was full deare:

“We liued together lxx. yeare.

“That we ſpent, we had:

“That we gaue, we haue:

“That we left, we loſt.

Algrind, the name of a ſhepherd.

Men of the lay, Lay men.

Enanſer, leaſt that.

Souenance, remembrance.

Miscreance, diſpraiſe, or miſbeliefe.

Chemiſaunce, ſometimes of *Chaucer* vſed for gaine: ſometime of other, for ſpoile, or bootie, or enterpriſe, and ſometime for chiefedome.

Pan himſelfe, *God*: according as is ſaid in *Deuteronomie*, that in diuiſion of the land of *Canaan*, to the tribe of *Lewi* no portion of heritage ſhould be allotted, for *God* himſelfe was their inheritance.

Some gan, meant of the Pope, and his Antichriſtian prelates, vvich vſurpe a tyrannicall dominion in the Church, and vvith *Peters* counterſeit keyes, open a vvide gate to all wickedneſſe and insolent gouernment. Nought heere ſpoken, as of purpoſe to denie fatherlie rule and gouernance (as ſome maliciously of late haue done, to the great vvneſt and hinderance of the Church) but to diſplay the pride & diſorder of ſuch, as in ſtead of feeding their ſheepe, in deed feed on their ſheepe.

Samſe, vvell ſpring and originall.

Borrow, pledge or ſuretie.

The

The Giant, is the great Atlas, vvhom the poets faine to be a huge Giant, that beareth heauen on his shoulders: beeing indeede a maruailous high mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, vvwhich to mans seeming pearceth the cloudes, & seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable vvvas meant of one Atlas, King of the same country, vvho (as the Greekes say) did first find out the hidden course of the starres, by an excellent imagination; vvherefore the poets fained, that he sustained the firmament on his shoulders. Many other cōiectures needlesse be told heereof.

Warke, vvorke.

Encheason, cause, occasion.

Deare borrow, that is our Sauour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

Twiten, blame.

Nought seemeth, is vnseemely.

Contecke, strife, contention.

Her, their, as vseth Chaucer.

Han, for haue.

Sam, together.

This tale is much like to that in *Æsops* fables: but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be vnderstood the simple sort of the faithfull and true Christians. By his damme, Christ; that hath already vvith carefull vvatchvvords (as heere doth the Gote) vvwarned his little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Fox, the false and faithlesse Papiſts, to vvhom is no credite to be giuen, nor fellowship to be vsed.

The Gate, the Gote: Northrenly spoken, to turne O into A.

Yode, went, aforeſaid.

She ſet, A figure called *Filio*, vvwhich vseth to attribute reasonable actions, and ſpeeches, to vnreasonable creatures.

The bloſſomes of luſt, be the young and moſſie haire, vvwhich then begin to ſprout and ſhoote forth, when luſtfull heat beginneth to kindle.

And with, a very poeticall *Pathos*.

Orphane, a youngling or pupill, that needeth a tutor or gouernour.

That word, a patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

The branch of the fathers body, is the child.

For euen ſo, alluded to the ſaying of Andromache to Aſcanius in Virgil.

Sic oculos, ſic ille manui, ſic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb, a pearcing ſigh.

Liggen, lie.

Maſter of coluſion, i. coloured guile, becauſe the Foxe of all beaſts is moſt wile and craftie.

Sparre the yate, ſhut the doore.

For ſuch: the Gotes ſtumbling, is here noted as an euill ſigne. The like to be marked in all hiſtories: and that not the leaſt of the Lord Haſtings in King Richard the third his daies. For beſide his dangerous dreame (which was a ſhrewd prophesie of his miſhap that followed) it is ſaid, that in the morning riding towards the tower of London, there to ſit vpon matters of counſell, his horſe ſtumbled twice or thrice by the way: vvwhich of ſome, that (riding vvith him in his company) were priuy to his neere deſtinie, vvvas ſecretly marked, and afterwarde noted for memorie of his great miſhappe that enſued. For, beeing then as merrie as man might be, & leaſt doubting any mortall danger, he vvvas vvithin two houres after, of the Tyrant put to a ſhamefull death.

As belles: by ſuch trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popiſh ſuperſtition, vvwhich put no ſmall religion in Belles, and babies, i. Idoles, and glaſſes, ſ. Paxes, & ſuch like trumperies.

Great cold, for they boaſt much of their outward patience, and voluntarie ſufferance,

rance, as a worke of merit, and holy humblenesse.

Sweet S. Charitie, the Catholiques common oath, and onely speech, to haue charitie alwaies in their mouth, and sometime in their outward actions, but neuer inwardly in faith and godly zeale.

Clinke, a key-hole: vvwhose diminutiue is clicket, vvfed of Chaucer for a key.

Stounds, fittes: aforefaid.

His lere, his lesson.

Medled, mingled.

Beastlibhead, a greeting to the person of a beast.

Sibbe, akinne.

Newell, a new thing.

To forestall, to preuent.

Glee, cheare: aforefaid.

Deare a price, his life which he lost for those toyes.

Such end, is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale; whose purpose is to warne the Protestant to beware, how he giueth credit to the vnfaithful Catholique: vvhereof we haue daily proofes sufficient, but one most famous of all; practised of late yeeres by Charles the ninth.

Faine, glad or desirous.

Our sir Iohn, a popish priest: A saying fit for the grosnesse of a shepheard, but spoken to taunt vnlearned priests.

Dismount, descend or set.

Nie, draweth neere.

Embleme.

Both these Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinode, as in reproach of them that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending, that who doth most mistrust, is most false. For such experience in fallhood, breedeth mistrust in the mind, thinking no leise guile to lurk in others, then in himselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replieth with another peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, vvhat faith then is there in the faithlesse? For, if faith be the ground of Religion, which faith they daily false, what hold is there of their Religion? And this is all that they say.



lunc.



Aegloga sexta.

ARGUMENT.

THis Aeglogue is whollie vowed to the complaining of *Collins* ill successe in his loue. For beeing (as is afore said) enamoured of a countrey Lasse, *Rosalinde*, and hauing (as seemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deere friend *Hobbinoll*, that he is now forsaken vnfaithfully, and in his stead, *Menalcas* another shepheard receiued disloyallie. And this is the whole Argument of this Aeglogue.

HOBBINOLL.

LO COLIN, heere the place, whose pleasant sight
From other shades hath weand my wandering mind:
Tell me, what wants mee heere, to worke delight?
The simple aire, the gentle warbling wind,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I find:
The grassie ground with daintie Daisies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Birds of euery kind
To th' waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLIN.

O happy *Hobbinoll*, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast found which *Adam* lost.
Here wander may thy flocke early or late,
Withouten dread of Wolues to been ytoft:
Thy louely layes heere maist thou freely bofte:
But I, vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can no where finde, to shroud my lucklesse pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,
Forake thy soyle, that so doth thee bewitch:
Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holy-bush, nor brere, nor winding vitch.

COLIN CLOVT.

And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritche,
And fruitfull flocks been euery where to see:
Heere no night Rauens lodge, more black then pitch,
Nor eluish ghosts, nor gastly Owles doe sice.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphs can chafe the lingring night,
With heydegies, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst sisters nine, which dwell on *Parnasse* hight,
Do make them musick, for their more delight:
And *Pan* himselfe to kisse their crystall faces,
Will pipe and daunce, when *Phoebe* shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

COLIN.

And I, whilst youth and course of carelesse yeeres,
Did let me walke withouten links of loue,
In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres:
But riper age such pleasures doth reprocue,
My fantasie eke from former follies moue
To stayed steps: for time in passing weares
(As garments doon, which waxen old about)
And draweth new delights with hoarie haire.

The

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pipe
Vnto my plaintive pleas in verses made:
Tho would I teeke for *Queene-apples vnripe*,
To giue my *Rosalinde*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudie Girlands, was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks: but yeeres more ripe,
And losse of her, whose loue as life I wayde,
Those weary wanton toyes away did wipe.

HOBINOLL.

COLIN, to heare thy rimes and roundelaies,
Which thou wert wont on wasteful hils to sing,
I more delight, then Larke in Sommer dayes:
Whole Echo made the neighbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaues from sunny rayes,
Frame to thy song their cheerfull cherishing,
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy sweet layes.

I sawe *Calliope* with Muses moe,
Soone as thy Oaten pipe began to found,
Their Iuorie Lutes and Timburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they late around,
Renne after hastily thy siluer sound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst shoue,
They drewe aback, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepherd to see, them in their art out-goe.

COLIN.

Of Muses *Hobbinoll*, I conne no skill,
For they been daughters of the highest *IOVE*,
And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill:
For sith I heard, that *PAN* with *Phoebus* stroue,
Which him to much rebuke and danger droue,
Ineuer list presume to *Parnasse* hill,
But piping lowe, in shade of lowly groue,
I play to please my selfe, albeit ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth praise or blame,
Ne strue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepherd sits not, followe flying fame:
But feede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best.

I wote my rimes been rough, and rudely drest;
The sifter they, my carefull case to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my vnrift,
And poure my pitious plaints out in the same.

The God of Shepheards *Tityrus* is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make:
He, whilst he liued, was the fouerigne head
Of shepheards all, that been with *Ioue* ytake.
Well couth he wile his woes, and lightly flake
The flames, which loue within his hart had bredde,
And tell vs merry tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Then should my plaints, cause of discomtece,
As messengers of my painfull plight,
Fly to my loue, where euer that the bee,
And pearce her heart with point of worthy wight:
As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly sight.
And thou *Menalca*s, that by trecherie
Didst vnderfong my Lasse, to waxe to light,
Should'st well be knowne for such thy villanie.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks doe feed,
Whether on hilles, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of this so wicked deede:
And tell the Lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weed,
And faultlesse faith, is turned to faithlesse feere,
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleed,
That liues on earth, and loued her most deere.

HOBINOLL.

O carefull *COLIN*, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.
Ah faithlesse *Rosalinde*, and void of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe,
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then rise ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes do you forefloe,
And wet your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.
Gia speme spenta.

GLOSSE.

Syte, situation and place.

Paradise, A Paradise in Greeke, significth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compared the soyle, wherein *Hobbinoll* made abode, to that earthly Paradise, in Scripture called *Eden*, wherein *Adam* in his first creation was placed. Which of the most learned is thought to be in *Mesopotamia*, the most fertile pleasant countrey in the world (as may appeare by *Diodorus Siculus* description of it, in the historie of *Alexanders* conquest thereof) lying betweene the two famous Ri- uers (vvhich are said in Scripture to flowe out of Paradise) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, whereof it is denominate.

Forake the soyle. This is no poetick fiction, but vnfaignedly spoken of the

D.

Poet

Poet selfe, vvho for speciall occasion of priuate affaires (as I haue been partlie of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, remoued out of the North partes, came into the South, as *Hobbinoll* indeed aduised him priuately.

Those hilles, that is, in the North countrey, vvhere he dwelt. *Nis*, is not.

The dales. The South parts, vvhere he now abideth; vvich though they be full of hilles and vvoods (for Kent is very hilly and vvoodie, and therefore so called: (for *Kantish* in the Saxons tongue, signifieth vvoodie) yet in respect of the North parts, they be called dales. For indeed, the North is counted the higher countrey.

Night Ravens, &c. By such hatefull birdes, he meaneth all misfortunes (vvhereof they be tokens) flying euery vvhere.

Friendly Faeries. The opinion of Faeries and Elfes is very old, and yet sticketh verie religiously in the minds of some. But to roote that ranke opinion of Elfes out of mens harts, the truth is, that there be no such things, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friers and knauish shauelings so fained; vvich as in other things, so in that, sought to nouell the common people in ignorance, least being once acquainted vvith the truth of things, they vvould in time smell out the vntruth of their packed pelfe, and Masse-peny religion. But the sooth is, that vvhen all Italy was distract into the factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelyns, beeing vvvo famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mitchiefes & many outrages, to be so odious, or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if their children at any time were froward and wanton, they vvould say to them that the Guelfe or the Gibelyne came. Which vvords now from them (as many things else) be come into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelynes, yve say Elfes and Goblyns. No othervvise then the Frenchmen vsed to say of that valiant captaine, the verie scourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, aftervvard Earle of Shrewsbury, vvho noblenesse bred such a terror in the harts of the French, that oft times great armies were defaicted and put to flight at the onely hearing of his name: Iniovv much that the French vvomen, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh.

Many Graces, though there be indeed but three Graces or *Charites* (as afore said) or at the vtmost but foure; yet in respect of many gifts of bountie, there may be said more. And so Musæus saith, that in Heroes either eye there sate a hundreth Graces. And by that authoritie, this same Poet in his Pageants, saith, An hundreth Graces on her eye-lid sate. &c.

Haydegues, A countrey daunce or round. The conceit is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vvnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke, all night by Moone-light. To signifie the pleasantnesse of the soyle.

Peeres, Equals and fellow shepheards.

Queene-apples vnripe, immitating Virgils verse:

Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour grones, a strange phrased in English, but vvord for vvord expressing the Latine, *vicina nemora*.

Spring, not of vvater, but of young trees springing.

Calliope, afore said. This staffe is full of very poeticall inuention.

Tamburines, an old kind of instrument, vvich of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan with Phœbus. The tale is well knowne, how that Pan and Apollo struiuing for excellencie in musicke, chose Midas for their Iudge: vvho being corrupted vvith partiall affection, gaue the vvictory to Pan, vvnderferued: for vvich, Phœbus set a paire of

of Atles eares vpon his head, &c.

Tityrus: that by *Tityrus* is meant Chaucer, hath been already sufficiently said, & by this more plaine appeareth, that he saith, he told merie tales. Such as be his Canterbury tales; whom he calleth God of the Poets for his excellencie: so as Tullie calleth *Lentulus*, *Deum virum suum*. i. the God of his life.

To make, to verifie, *O vrbis*, A pretie Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurtesis: he meaneth the falseness of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking him had chosen another.

Point of vvorithyris, the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcaus, the name of a shepheard in Virgil: but heere is meant a person vnder knowne and secret, against vvhom he often bitterly inueyeth.

Vnderfong, vndermine and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the first Aeglogue, Colins Poetic was *Anchora speres*: for as then there was hope of fauour to be found in time. But now beeing cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished & turned into despaire, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come, vvhich is all the meaning of this Embleme.

IVLY.



Aegloga septima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is made in the honour & commendation of good shepherds, and to the shame and dispraise of proude & ambitious Pastors: Such as Morrell is heere imagined to be.

THOMALIN.

IS not thilke same a Goteheard prowde
that sits on yonder banke:
Whose straying heard themselfe doth throwde
among the bushes ranke?

MORREL.

What ho, thou iolly shepheards swaine,
come vp the hill to mee:
Better is, then the lowly plaine,
als for thy flocke, and thee.

THOMALIN.

Ah, God shield, man, that I should clime,
and learne to looke aloft:
This reade is rife, that oftentime
great clumbers fall vnsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so tickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the sun hath reared vp,
his fierie-footed terme,
Making his way betwene the Cup
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lion hunts he fast,
with dogges of noisome breath,
Whose balefull barking brings in hast,
pine, plagues, and dreerie death.
Against his cruell scorching heare
where thou hast couerture:
The wastfull hilles vnto his threat
is a plaine ouerture.
But if thee lust, to holden chat
with seely shepheards swaine:
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that THOMALIN can saine.

MORREL.

Siker, thou but a lazie loord,
and rekes much of thy swinke,
That with fond termes, and wiesse words
to blere mine eyes doost thinke.
In euill houre thou bentst in hond
thus holy hils to blame,
For sacred vnto Saints they stond,
and of them han their name.
S. Michels mount who does not knowe,
that wards the Westerne coast?
And of S. Bridgets bowre I trowe,
all Kent can rightly boast:
And they that con of Muses skill,
saie most what, that they dwell
(As Goteheards wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learned vwell.
And wonned not the great God PAN,
vpon mount *Oliues*:
Feeding the blessed flocke of DAN,
which did himselfe beger?

THOMALIN.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his flocke so deare:
And them did saue with bloudie sweat,
from Wolues that would them teare.

MORRELL.

Beside, as holy fathers saine,
there is a holy place:
Where TITAN riseth from the maine,
to ren his daily race.

Vpon whose top the starrs been staid,
and all the skie doth leane,
There is the caue where PHOEBE lied,
the shepheard long to dreame.

Whilome there vsed shepheards all
to feed their flocks at will,

Till by his folly one did fall,
that all the rest did spill.

And sithence shepheards beene forsaide
from places of delight:

For thy, I ween thou be afraid,
to clime this hilles hight,

Of Synab can tell thee more,

and of our Ladies bowre:

But little needs to strowe my flore,
suffice this hill of our.

Heere han the holy FAVNES recourse,
and SYLVANES haunten rather,

Heere has the salt Medway his soule,
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe:

The salt Medway that trickling streames
adowne the dales of Kent,

Till with the elder brother Themes,
his brackish waues be meynt.

Here growes *Melampode* euer where,
and *Tarbinth*, good for Gotes:

The one, my madding Kide to smere,
the next, to heale their throtes.

Hereto, the hilles been nigher heauen,
and thence the passage eue:

As well can proue the peacing leui,
that seldome falles beneath.

THOMALIN.

Siker thou speakest like a lewd lorell,
of heauen to deemen so:

How be I am but rude and borrell,
yet nearer waies I know.

To Kirke the narre, to God more farre,
has been an old said saw,

And he that strives to touch a starre,
oft stumbles at a straw.

Alfoone may shepheards clime to skie,
that leades in lowly dales:

As Goteheards proud that siting hie,
vpon the mountaine sailes,

My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they need not *Melampode*,

For they been hale enough, I trowe,
and liken their abode.

But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
they soone might be corrupted:

Or like not of the frowie fede,
or with the weeds be glutted.

The hilles where dwelled holy Saints,
I reuerence and adore:

Not for themselfe, but for the Saints,

which

which has been head of yore.
And now they been to heauen forewent,
their good is with them go :

Then simple onely to vs lent,
that als we mought do so.

Shepheards they weren of the best,
and liued in lowly leas :

And fish their soules be now at rest,
why done we them diseafe ?

Such one he was (as I haue heard)
old ALGRIND, often saine)

That whilome was the first shepheard,
and liued with little gaine :

And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
simple, as simple sheepe,

Humble, and like in each degree
the flock which he did keepe.

Often he vied of his sheepe,
a sacrifice to bring,

Now with a Kidde, now with a sheepe,
the Altars hallowing.

So louted he vnto the Lord,
Such fauour coult he find,

That neuer sithens was aboord
the simple shepheards kind.

And such I weene the brethren were,
that came from Canaan :

The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
the flocks of mighty P A N.

But nothing such thilke shepheard was,
whom I do hill did beare,

That left his flock to fetch a Lasse,
whose loue he bought too deare :

For he was proud, that ill was paid,
(no such mought shepheards bee)

And with lowd lust was ouer-laid:
tway things doen ill agree:

But shepheards mought be meeke and mild,
well eyed, as A R G V S was,

With fleshy follies vndeilde,
and stout as steed of brasse.

Sike one (said ALGRIND) M O S E S was,
that saw his Makers face,

His face more cleare, then crystall glasse,
and spake to him in place.

This had a brother, (his name I knowe)
the first of all his cote :

A shepheard true, yet not so true,
as he that earst I hore.

Whilome all these were lowe, and leese,
and loued their flocks to feede,

They neuer strouen to be chiefe:
and simple was their weede.

But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend :

Their weeds bene not so mightly wore,
such simpleesse mought them shend.

They been yclad in purple and pall,
so hath their God them blist:

They raigne and rulen ouer all,

Palinodes Embleme. *In medio virtus.* MORRELS Embleme. *In summo felicitas.*

and Lord it as they list :

Ygirt with belts of glitter and gold,
(mought they good shepheards been)

Their P A N their sheepe to them has sold,
I say, as some haue seene.

For P A L I N O D E (if thou him ken)
yode late on pilgrimage

To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
he saw thilke misvage.

For shepheards (said he) there doen lead,
as Lords done otherwhere :

Their sheepe han crusts, and they the bread :
the chips, and they the chere :

They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O silly sheepe the while)

The corne is theirs, let others thresh,
their hands they may not file.

They han great store, and thristie flocks,
great friends, and feeble foes :

What need hem caren for their flocks,
their boyes can looke to thofe.

These Wisards welter in wealths waues,
pampred in pleasures deepe :

They han fat kernes, and leany knaues,
their fasting flocks to keepe.

Sike misther men been all misgone,
they heape hilles of wrath :

Sike silie shepheards han we none,
they keepeen all the path.

M O R R E L L.

Heere is a great deale of good matter,
lost for lacke of telling :

Now sike I see thou doost but clatter :
harne may come of melling.

Thou meddest more then shall haue thanke
to witen shepheards wealth :

When folke been fat, and riches ranke,
it is a signe of health.

But say me, what is ALGRIND, he
that is so oft bynempt ?

T H O M A S I N.

He is a shepheard great in gree,
but hath been long ypent :

One day he fate vpon a hill,
(as now thou wouldest mee)

But I am taught by ALGRIND S ill,
to loue the lowe degree.)

For sitting so with bared scalpe,
an Eagle fored hie,

That weening his white head was chalke
a shell fish downe let him sleepe

She weend the shell fish to hane broke,
but therewith bruzde his braine :

So now astopied with the stroke,
he lies in lingring paine.

M O R R E L L.

Ah good ALGRIND, his hap was ill,
but shall be better in time :

Now farewell shepheard, sith this hill
thou hast such doubt to climie.

GLOSSE.

AGoteheard, by Gotes in scripture bee represented the vicked and reprobate, vvhose Pastour also must needs besuch.

Banke, is the seate of honour. *Straying heard*, vvhich wander out of the way of truth. *Als*, for also. *Climbe*, spoken of ambition.

Great climbers, according to Seneca his verse,

Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsu.

Mickle, much.

The sunne: a reason vvhy he refused to dwell on the mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching Sunne, according to the time of the yeere, vvhich is the hottest moneth of all.

The Cup and Diademe, be two signes in the firmament, through which the sunne makerh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion, this is poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion with one dog. The meaning vvhereof is, that in Iuly the Sun is in Leo. At vvich time, the Dog starre, which is called Syrius, or Canicula, raigneth, vvith immoderate heate causing pestilence, drought, and many diseases.

Ouerture, an open place: the vvord is borrowved of the French, and vsed in good Writers.

To holden chat, to talke and prate.

Aloorde, vvvas wont among the old Britons to signifie a Lord. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped their tyrannie heere in Britannie, were called for more dread then dignitie, Lurdans. i. Lord Danes. At vvich time it is said, that the insolencie and pride of that nation vvvas so outrageous in this Realme, that if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, & saw the Dane set foote vpon the same, he must returne back, till the Dane vvvere cleane ouer, or else abide the price of his displeasure, vvvhich vvvas no lesse then present death. But beeing afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, vvhom they had long oppressed, that euen at this day they vse for more reproche, to call the quartane Ague the feauer-lurdane.

Reck, much of thy swinke, counts much of thy paines.

Weetlesse, not vnderstood.

S. Michaels mount, is a promontorie in the West part of England.

A hill, Parnassus afore said.

Pan, Christ.

Dan, one tribe is put for the whole nation, per Synecdochen.

Where Titan, the Sunne. Which storie is to be read in Diodorus Syc. of the hill Ida, from vvhen he saith, all night time is to be seene a mightie fire, as if the skie burned, vvvhich toward morning beginneth to gather a round forme; and thereof riseth the Sunne, vvhom the Poets call Titan.

The shepheard, is Endymion, vvhom the Poets faine to haue beene so beloued of Phoebe. i. the Moone, that he vvvas by her kept asleepe in a caue by the space of thirtie yeeres, for to enioy his company.

There, that is, in Paradise; vvhere, through error of the shepheards vnderstanding, he saith, that all shepheards did vse to feed their flocks, till one, (that is) Adam, by his folly and disobedience, made all the rest of his offspring to be debarred, and shut out from thence.

Sinab, a hill in Arabia, vvhere God appeared.

Our Ladies bowre, a place of pleasure so called.

Fannes, or *Syluanes*, be of Poets fained to be Gods of the vvood.

Medway,

Medway, the name of a riuer in Kent, vvhich running by Rochester, meeteth vvith Thames: vvhom he calleth his elder brother, both becaufe he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the sea.

Meint, mingled. *Melampode*, and *Terebinth*, be hearbs good to cure diseased Goats, of the one speaketh Mantuan: and of the other, Theocritus.

Terminthou tragoon eikaton acremonia.

Nigher beauen: note the shepheards simpleness, vvhich supposeth that from the hilles is nigher vvay to heauen.

Leuin, lightning; vvhich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnesse to heauen, becaufe the lightning doth commonly light on high mountaines, according to the saying of the Poet:

Feriantque summos fulmina montes.

Lorrell, a losell.

A borrell, a plaine fellow.

Narre, nearer.

Hale, for hole.

Tede, go.

Frowye, mustie or mossie.

Of yore, long ago.

Forewent, gone afore.

The first shepheard, vv as Abell the righteous, vvho (as Scripture saith) bent his mind to keeping of sheep, as did his brother Caine to tilling the ground.

His keepe, his charge. i. his flocke.

Lownted, did honour and reuerence.

The bresbren, the twelue sonnes of Iacob, which were sheepmasters, and liued onely thereupon.

Whom Ida, Paris, which (being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy) for his mother Hecubas dreame, (vvhich being vvith child of him, dreamed she brought foorth a fire-brand, that set the towne of Ilium on fire) vv as cast forth on the hill Ida; where beeing fostred of shepheards, he eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

A Lasse, Helena, the vvife of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vv as by Venus for the golden apple to her giuen, then promised to Paris: vvho thereupon, with a fort of lustie Troyans, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy; which vv as the cause of the tenne yeeres warre in Troy, and the most famous Cittie of all Asia, lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus, vv as of the Poets deuised to befull of eyes, and therefore to him was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow, Io: so called, becaufe that in the print of the Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the midst of an O.

His name, he meaneth Aaron: vv whose name, for more *Decorum*, the shepheard saith hee hath forgot, least his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ, should seeme to exceed the meanenesse of the person.

Not so true: for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatry.

In purple, Spoken of the Popes and Cardinals, vv which vse such tyrannicall colours and pompous painting.

Belts, girdles.

Glitterand, glittering; a participle, vfed sometimes in Chaucer, but altogether in Ioh. Goore.

Their Pan, that is, the Pope, vv whom they count their God and greatest shepheard.

Palinode, a shepheard, of vv whose report he seemeth to speake all this.

Wizards, great learned heads.

Welter, vv allow.

Kerne, a Churle or Farmer.

Sike mister men, such kind of men.

Surly, stately and proude.

Melling, medling.

Bett,

*Bett, Better.**Benempt, named.**Gree, for degree.*

Algrind, the name of a shepheard afore said, vvhoſe miſhappe he alludeth to the chaunce that happened to the Poet *Aeſchylus*, that was brained with a ſhell fiſh.

Embleme.

By this poeſie Thomalin confirmech that, vvwhich in his former ſpeech by ſundry reaſons he had prooued: for beeing both himſelfe ſequeſtred from all ambition, and alſo abhorring it in others of his core, he taketh occaſion to praiſe the meane & lowly ſtate, as that wherein is ſafetie without feare, and quiet without danger, according to the ſaying of old Philoſophers, that Vertue dwelleth in the miſt, beeing environed with two contrarie vices: vvhereto Morrell replieth with continuance of the ſame Philoſophers opinion, that albeit all bountie dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitie dwelleth in ſupremacie. For, they ſay, and moſt true it is, that happineſſe is placed in the higheſt degree: ſo as if any thing be higher or better, then that way ceaſeth to be perfect happineſſe. Much like to that which once I heard alledged in defence of humilitie, out of a great Doctor, *Suorum Chriſtus humilimus*: vvwhich ſaying, a gentleman in the company taking at the rebound, beat backe againe with alike ſaying of another Doctor, as he ſaid, *Suorum Deus altiffimus*.

AVGVST.

*Aegloga octaua.*

ARGUMENT.

IN this Aeglogue is ſet forth a delectable controuerſie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto alſo Virgil faſhioned his third & ſeaueneth Aeglogue. They choſe, for Vmpere of their ſtrife, Cuddy a neat-heards boy: who hauing ended their cauſe, reciteth alſo himſelfe a proper ſong, whereof Colin he ſaith was Author.

WILLY.

WILLY. PERIGOT. CVDDY.
Tell me PERIGOT, what shall be the game,
 Wherefore with mine thou dare thy musick match?
 Or been thy Bagpipes renne farre out of frame?
 Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benummed with ach?
 PERIGOT. I am not so much
 Ah WILLY, when the hart is thus affaide,
 How can Bagpipe or ioynts be well apaide?
 WILLY. I had thought to have heard
 What the soule enill hath thee so bestaid?
 Whilome thou wast peregrill to the best,
 And went to make the iolly shepheards glad,
 With pyping and dauncing, did passe the rest.
 PERIGOT. I am not so much
 Ah WILLY, now I have leard a new daunce,
 My old musick made by a new mischaunce.
 WILLY. I had thought to have heard
 Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce befall,
 That to haue raues of our meriment:
 But rede me, what paine doth thee so appall?
 Or lovest thou, or been thy younglings miswent?
 PERIGOT. I am not so much
 Loue hath misled both my younglings and me,
 I pine for paine, and they my plaint to see.
 WILLY. I had thought to have heard
 Perdie and wele away: ill may they thrive:
 Neuer knew I loners sheepe in good plight:
 But and if rimes with me thou dare strive,
 Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight.
 PERIGOT. I am not so much
 That shall I doe, though moche worke I fared,
 Neuer shall befall that PERIGOT was dard.
 WILLY. I had thought to have heard
 Then loe PERIGOT, the pledge which I plight,
 A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:
 Wherein is enchaufed many a faire sight,
 Of Beares and Tygers, that maken fierce warres,
 And ouer them spread a goodly wilde Vine,
 Entrailed with a wanton Iyric twine.
 Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:
 But see, how fast renneth the shepheards swaine,
 To saue the innocent from the beastes pawes:
 And heere with his sheephooke hath him slaine.
 Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer sence?
 Well mought it befeeme any haue of Queene.
 PERIGOT. I am not so much
 Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,
 Of all my flocke there nis sike another:
 For I brought him vp without the Dambe:
 But COLIN CLOYT rafe me of his brother,
 That he purchast of me in the plaine field:
 Sore against my will was I forst to yeeld.
 WILLY.
 Siker make like account of his brother,
 But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?
 PERIGOT.
 That shall yonder heardgroome, and none other,
 Which ouer the pouffe hitherward doth post.
 WILLY.
 But for the Sunne beame so sore doth vs beate,
 Were not better, to shunne the scorching heate?
 PERIGOT.
 Well agreed WILLY: then sit thee downe swaine:
 Sike a song neuer heardest thou, but COLIN sing.
 CVDDY.
 Ginn, when ye list, ye iolly shepheards twaine:
 Sike a iudge, as CVDDY, were for asking.
 PER.
 I fell vpon a holy eue,
 WILLY. hey ho holiday,
 PER. When holy fathers went to sturice:
 WILLY. now ginneth this roundelay.
 PER. Sitting vpon a hill so hit,
 WILLY. hey ho the high hill,
 PER. The while my flocke did feede thereby,
 WILLY. the while the shepheard selfe did spill:
 PER. I saw the bouncing Bellibone:
 WILLY. hey ho Bonibell,
 PER. Tripping ouer the dale alone,
 WILLY. she can trip it very well.
 PER. Well decked in a frock of gray,
 WILLY. hey ho gray is greet,
 PER. And in a kirtle of greene Say,
 WILLY. the greene is for maidens meet.
 PER. A chaplet on her head she wore,
 WILLY. hey ho chapelier,
 PER. Of sweet Violets therein was store,
 WILLY. she sweeter then the Violet.
 PER. My sheepe did leaue their wonted fooder,
 WILLY. hey ho seely sheepe,
 PER. And gazde on her, as they were wood,
 WILLY. wood as he, that did them keepe.
 PER. As the bonilasse passed by,
 WILLY. hey ho bonilasse,
 PER. She rode at me with glauncing eye,
 WILLY. as cleare as the crytall glasse:
 PER. All as the sunny beame so bright,
 WILLY. hey ho the sunne beame,
 PER. Glaunceth from PHOEBVS face forthright,
 WILLY. so loue into thy hart did streame:
 PER. Or as the thunder cleaues the clowdes,
 WILLY. hey ho the thunder,
 PER. Wherein the lighdome lewin shroudes,
 WILLY. so cleaues thy soule asunder:
 PER. Or as Dame CYNTHYA'S siluer ray,
 WILLY. hey ho the Moone light,
 PER. Vpon the glittering waue doth play:
 WILLY. such play is a pitious plight.
 PER. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
 WILLY. hey ho the glider,
 PER. Therewith my soule was sharply gride,
 WILLY. such wounds soone wexen wider.
 PER. Hasting to raunch the arrowe out,
 WILLY. hey ho PERIGOT,
 PER. I left the head in my hart roote:
 WILLY. it was a desperate shot.
 PER. There it rankleth aye more and more,
 WILLY. hey ho the arrow,
 PER. Ne can I find silue for my sore:
 WILLY. loue is a carelesse sorrow.
 PER. And though my bale with death I beought,
 WILLY.

WILL. hey ho heauy cheere,
 PER. Yet should thilke Lasse not from my thought:
 WILL. so you may buy gold too deere.
 PER. But whether in painfull loue I pine,
 WILL. hey ho pinching paine,
 PER. Or thriue in wealth, she shalbe mine.
 WILL. but if thou can her obtaine.
 PER. And if for gracelesse griefe I die,
 WILL. hey ho gracelesse griefe,
 PER. Witnesse, she shue me with her eye,
 WILL. let thy folly be the priefe.
 PER. And you that saw it, simple sheepe,
 WILL. hey ho the faire flock,
 PER. For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
 WILL. and mone with many a mock.
 PER. So learn'd I loue on a holy eue,
 WILL. hey ho holy day,
 PER. That euer since my hart did grieue,
 WILL. now endeth our roundelay.

CVDDY.

Siker, sike a rounde neuer heard I none,
 Little lacketh PERIGOT of the best,
 And WILLIE is not greatly ouer-gone,
 So weren his vnder-fongs well addrest.

WILLY.

Heardgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye,
 Arceode vprightly, who has the victorie?

CVDDY.

Faith of my soule, I deeme each haue gained.
 For thy, let the Lambe be WILLY his owne:
 And for PERIGOT so well hath him pained,
 To him be the wroughten Mazer alone.

PERIGOT.

PERIGOT is well pleased with the doome:
 Ne can WILLY wite the witelesse heardgrome.

WILLY.

Neuer dempt more right of beautie I weene,
 The shepheard of *Ida*, that iudg'd beauties Queene.

CVDDY.

But tell me shepheards, should it not yshend
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse
 Of ROSALINDE, (who knowes not ROSALINDE?)
 That COLIN made? ylke can I you rehearse.

PERIGOT.

Now say it CVDDY, as thou art a ladde:
 With mery thing its good to meddle fad.

WILLY.

Faith of my soule, thou shalt ycrownded be
 In COLINs speed, if thou this song agreed:
 For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
 As him to heare, or matter of his deed.

CVDDY.

Then listen each vnto my heauie lay,
 And tune your pipes as ruthfull, as ye may.

YE wastfull woods beate witnesse of my woe,
 Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
 Ye carelesse birds are priuie to my cries,
 Which in your songs were wont to make apart:
 Thou pleasant spring hast luld me oft asleep,
 Whose streams my trickling teares did oft augment,
 Resort of people doth my griefes augment,
 The walled townes doe worke my greater woe:
 The Forrest wide is fitter to resound
 The hollow Echo of my carefull cries,
 I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
 Whose wailefull wants debars mine eyes of sleep:
 Let streames of teares supply the place of sleep:
 Let all that sweet is, void: and all that may augment
 My dole, draw neere. More meet to waile my woe,
 Beene the wilde woods, my sorrowes to resound,
 Then bed, nor bowre, both which I fill with cries,
 When I them see to waste, and find no part

Of pleasure past. Heere will I dwell apart
 In gaitfull groue therefore, till my last sleep:
 Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
 With sight of such as change my restless woe:
 Helpe me ye baneful birds, whose shrieking sound
 Is signe of dreery death, my deadly cries
 Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cries
 (Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)

You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,
 Increase, so let your yrksome yelles augment:
 Thus all the nights in plaints, the day in woe,
 I vowed haue to waste, till life and sound
 She home returne, whose voices siluer sound
 To cheerefull songs can change my cheerelesse cries,
 Hence, with the Nightingale will I take part:
 That blessed bird, that spends her time of sleep
 In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more augment
 The memory of his misdeed, that bred her woe.

And you that feele no woe, when as the sound
 Of these my nightly cries ye heare apart,
 Let breake your sounder sleepe, and pittie augment.

PERIGOT.

O COLIN, COLIN, the shepheards ioy,
 how I admire each turning of thy verse:
 And CVDDY, fresh CVDDY, the licest boy,
 how dolefully his dole thou didst rehearse.

CVDDY.

Then blow your pipes shepheards, till you be at home:
 The night higheth fast, its time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

Vincenti gloria victi.

Willies Embleme.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice chi pno.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

Bestadde, disposed, ordered. *Peregall*, equall. *W'illome*, once.
Raft, bereft, depriued. *Miswent*, gone allray. *Ill may*, according
to Virgill:

Infelix ô semper ouis pecus.

A Mazer. So also doe Theocritus and Virgil feigne pledges of their strife.

Enchased, engrauen. Such prettie descriptions euery where vseth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeed, he by that name tearmeth his Aeglogues: for Idyllion in Greek, signifieth the shape or picture of any thing, wherof his booke is full. And not as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called, not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheardes in them.

Entrailed, vvrought betweene.

Haruest Queene, The manner of countrey folke in haruest time.

Pouffe, Pease.

It fell vpon. Perigot maketh all his song in praise of his Loue, to whom Willy answereth euery vnder verse. By Perigot, vvho is meant, I cannot vprightly say: but if it be, who is supposed his Loue, shee deserueth no lesse praise, then hee giueth her.

Greet, vweeping and complaint.

Chaplet, a kinde of Garland like a crowne.

Leuin, Lightning.

Cynthia, vvvas said to be the Moone.

Gryde, pearced.

But if, not vnlesse.

Squint eye, partiall iudgement.

Each haue,

so saith Virgil:

Et vitula tu dignus, & hic &c.

Dooe, iudgement.

Dempt, for deemed, iudged.

Wite the witelesse, blame the blamelesse.

The shepheard of Ida, vvvas said to be Paris.

Beauties Queene, Venus, to vvhom Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the price of her beautie.

Embleme.

The meaning heereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claiming the conquest, and Willie not yeelding, Cuddie the Arbitrer of their cause, and Patron: of his ovvne, seemeth to challenge it, as his due: saying, that he is happie vvwhich can: so abruptly ending; but he meaneth either him, that can vvwin the best, or moderate himselfe beeing best, and leaue off with the best.

September.



Aegloga nona.

ARGUMENT.

HEerein Diggon Daue is deuised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gaine, draue his sheepe into a farre country. The abuses whereof, & loose liuing of popish Prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaund, he discourseth at large.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON DAVIE.

DIGGON DAVIE, I bid her God day:
Or DIGGON her is, or I mislay.

DIGGON.

Her was her, while it was day light,
But now her is a most wretched wight.
For day that was, is wightly past,
And now at earst the darke night doth last.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, areede who has thee to light?
Neuer I wist thee in so poore a plight.
Where is the faire flocke, thou wast wont to leade?
Or been they chaffred? or at mischief dead?

DIGGON.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee most leefe,
HOBBINOLL, I pray thee gall not my old greefe:
Sike question rippeth vp cause of new woe;
For one opened, mote vnfold many mo.

HOBBINOLL.

Nay, but sorrow close shrowded in hart,
I knowe, to keepe is a burdenous smart,
Each thing imparted, is more eath to beare:
When the raine is fallen, the clouds wax cleare.
And now sithence I saw thy head last,
Thrice three Moones been fully spent and past:

Since when thou hast measured much ground,
And wandred weele about the world round,
So as thou can many things relate:
But tell me first of thy flocks estate.

DIGGON.

My sheepe been wasted, (woe is me therefore)
The iolly shepheard that was of yore,
Is now nor iolly, nor shepheard more.
In forreine coasts men said, was plentie:
And so there is, but all of misery.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my hart sore.
In tho countries where I haue been,
No beeing for those, that truly meane:
But for such as of guile maken gaine,
No such countrey as there to remaine.
They fetten to sale their shops of shame,
And maken a market of their good name.
The shepheards there robben one another,
And layen bautes to beguile her brother.
Or they will buy his sheepe forth of the cote,
Or they will caruen the shepheards throte.
The shepheards swaine you cannot well ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men:

They

They looken bigge, as Bulles that been bate,
And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As Cocke on his dung hill, crowing cranke,

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, I am so stiffe and so stanke,
That vnneath may I stand any more:
And now the Westerne wind bloweth sore,
That is in his chiefe foueraightee;
Beating the withered leafe from the tree,
Sit we downe heere vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustering blast:
Now say on DIGGON what cuer thou hast.

DIGGON.

HOBBIN, ah HOBBIN, I curse the stound,
That cuer I cast to haue lorne this ground,
Wele-away the, while I was so fond,
To leaue the good, that I had in hond;
In hope of better that was vnouth:
So lost the dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My feely sheepe (ah feely sheepe)
That heereby there I whilome vnde keepe,
All were they lustie, as thou diddest see,
Been all sterued with pine and penurie:
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke paine,
Driuen for neede to come home againe.

HOBBINOLL.

Ah fon, now by thy losse art taught,
That seldome change the better brought:
Content who liues with tried state,
Need feare no change of frowning fate:
But who will seeke for vnkowne gaine,
Of liues by losse, and leaues with paine.

DIGGON.

I wote ne HOBBIN how I was bewitched,
With vaine desire, and hope to be enriched:
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre:
Seemeth a greater, when it is farre:
I thought the foyle would haue made me rich:
But now I wote it is nothing fish:
For either the shepheards been idle and still,
And led of their sheepe, what way they will:
Or they been false, and full of couetise,
And casten to compass many wrong Emprise:
But more been fraught with fraude and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnesse taken delight:
But kindle coales of contek and yre,
Wherewith they set all the world on fire:
Which when they thinke againe to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench,
They say they con to heauen the high way:
But by my soule I dare vnder say,
They neuer set foote in that same trode;
But balke the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the diuell at command:
But aske them, therefore what they haue paund,
Marry that great P A N bought with great borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrow:
But they han sold thilke same long agoe:
For they would draw with hem many moe.

But let hem gang alone a Gods name: I

As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, I pray thee speake not so dirke,

Such myster laying me seemeth to miske.

DIGGON.

Then plainly to speake of shepheards stouit what:

Bad is the best (this English is flat).

Their ill hauour garres men mislay,

Both of their doctrine, and their say.

They say the world is much wate then it woont,

All for her shepheards is heastly and bloont,

Other faine, but how truly I note,

All for they holden shame of their cote,

Some sick not to say (hote cole on her tongue),

That sike mischiefe graeth hem emong,

All for they casten too much of worlds cares,

To decke her Dame, and enrich her heire:

For such encheason, if you goe nie,

Few chimnyes reeken you shall espie.

The fat Oxe that woont ligge in the stall,

Is now fast stalled in her crumenall.

Thus chatten the people in their steads,

Ylike as a Monster of many heads.

But they that shooten neereft the prick,

Saine, ether the fat from their beards doe lick.

For big Buls of Basin brace hem about,

That with their hornes butten the more houte:

But the leine foules treaden vnder foote,

And to seeke redresse mought little boote:

For liker been they to pluck away more,

Then ought of the gotten good to restore.

For they been like foule wagmoires ouergraft,

That if thy galage once sicketh fast,

The more to wande it out thou doest swinke,

Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sinke.

Yet better leaue off with a litle losse,

Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

HOBBINOLL.

Now DIGGON, I see thou speakest too plaine:

Better it were, a litle to faine,

And cleanly couer that cannot be cured.

Such ill, as is forced, mought needs be endured.

But of sike Pastors how done the flocks creene?

DIGGON.

Sike as the shepheards, sike been her sheepe,

For they nill listen to the shepheards voice:

But if he call hem, at their good choice.

They wander at will, and stay at pleasure,

And to their folds yead at their owne leasure.

But they had be better come at their call:

For many han vnto mischiefe fall,

And been of frauenous vvolues yrent,

All for they nould be buxome and bent.

HOBBINOLL.

Fie on thee DIGGON, and all thy foule leasing,

Well is knowne that since the Saxon king,

Neuer was Woolfe scene, many nor some,

Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome:

But the fewer Wolues (the sooth to faine),

The more been the Foxes that heere remaine.

E.

DIGGON.

DIGGON.

Yes, but they gang in more secret wife,
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise.
They talke not widely as they were woont,
For feare of raungers and the great hount:
But priuily prolling to and fro,
Enaunter they mought be inly know.

HOBBINOLL.

Or priuie or pert: if any bin,
We haue great bandogs will teare their skin.

DIGGON.

Indeed thy Ball is a bold bigge cur,
And could make a iolly hole in their fur.
But not good dogs hem needeth to chafe,
But heedie shepheards to discern their face:
For all their craft is in their countenance,
They been so graue, and full of maintenaunce.
But shall I tell thee what my selfe know,
Chaunced to ROFFIN not long yooe?

HOBBINOLL.

Say it out, DIGGON, what euer it hight,
For not but well mought him betight.
He is so mecke, wife, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
COLIN CLOYT I weene be his selfe boy,
(Ah for COLIN he whilome my ioy)
Shepheards sich, God mought vs many fend,
That doen so carefully their flock stend.

DIGGON.

Thilke same shepheard mought I well marke:
He has a dogge to bite or to barke,
Neuer had shepheard so keene a cur,
That waketh, and if but a leafe stir.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe,
And euer at night wont to repaire
Vnto the flock, when the Welkin shone faire,
Yclad in clothing of feely sheepe,
When the good old man vsed to sleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eft learned a curre call)
As if a Wolfe were among the sheepe.
With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,
And fend out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was farre away,
This woluishe sheepe would catchen his pray,
A Lambe, or a Kid, or a weanell wast:
With that to the wood would he speed him fast.
Long time he vsed this slippery pranke,
Ere ROFFY could for his labour him thanke.
At end, the shepheard his practise spied,
(For ROFFY is wife, and as ARGVS cied)
And when at euen he came to the flock,
Fast in their folds he did them locke,
And tooke out the Woolfe in his counterfeit cote,
And let out the sheepes blood at his throte.

HOBBINOLL.

*Marry DIGGON, what should him affray

To take his owne where euer it lay?
For had his weafand been a little widder,
He would haue deuoured both hidder and thidder.

DIGGON.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
Too good for him had been a great deale worse:
For it was a perillous beast about all,
And eke had he cond the shepheards call:
And oft in the night came to the sheepecote,
And called Lowder, with a hollowe throte,
As if the old mans selfe had been.
The dogge his maisters voice did it ween,
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the doore,
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.
No fooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hide the Wolfe Lowder caught:
And had not ROFFY renne to the steuen,
Lowder had been slaine thilke same euen.

HOBBINOLL.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thrise,
All for he did his deuoir be true:
If sike been Wolues, as thou hast told,
How mought we, DIGGON, hem behold?

DIGGON.

How, but with heed and watchfulnesse,
For tallen hem of their wiliness?
For thy with shepheard sittes not play,
Or sleepe, as sonie doen, all the long day:
But euer ligen in watch and ward,
From suddaine force their flocks for to gard.

HOBBINOLL.

Ah DIGGON, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to watch and waite,
We beene of flesh, men as other bee,
Why should we be bound to such miserie?
What-euer thing lacketh changeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

DIGGON.

Ah, but HOBBINOLL, all this long tale
Nought easeth the care, that doth me forhaile,
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My pitious plight and losse to amend?
Ah good HOBBINOLL, mought I thee pray,
Of ayde or counsell in my decay.

HOBBINOLL.

Now by my soule, DIGGON, I lament
The haplesse mischiefe, that has thee hent:
Nethelless thou fcest my lowly faile,
That froward fortune doth euer auaille.
But were HOBBINOLL, as God mought please,
DIGGON should loone find fauour and ease.
But if to my cottage thou wilt resort,
So as I can, I will thee comfort:
There maist thou ligue in a vetchy bed,
Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head.

DIGGON.

Ah HOBBINOLL, God mought it thee requite,
DIGGON on few such friends did euer lite.

Diggons Embleme.
Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

The Dialect and phraſe of ſpeech in this Dialogue, ſeemeth ſomevvhat to differ from the common. The cauſe vvhereof is ſuppoſed to be, by occaſion of the partie heerein meant, vvho beeing verie friend to the Authour heereof, had' beene long in forreine countries, and there ſeene many diſorders, vvwhich he heere recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her, Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to pray, vvhereof cometh beades for prayers; and ſo they ſay, To bidde his beades. ſ. to ſay his prayers.

Wightly, quickly, or ſuddainly. *Chaffred*, ſold. *Dead at miſchiefe*, an vnusuall ſpeech, but much vſurped of Lidgate, and ſometime of Chaucer.

Leeſe, Deare. *Ethe*, ealie. *Thrice three Moones*, nine Moneths. *Meaſured*, for trauailed.

Wae, vvoe, Northernly. *Eeked*, encreaſed. *Carmen*, cut. *Kenne*, knowe. *Cragge*, necke. *State*, ſtoutly. *Stanke*, vvearie or faint.

And now, he applieth it to the time of the yeere, vvwhich is in the end of harveſt, vvwhich they call the fall of the leaſe: at vvwhich time the Weſterne wind beareth moſt ſway.

A mocke, Imitating Horace, *Debes ludibrium ventis*. *Lorne*, left. *Soot*, ſweet. *Vnknown*, vnknowne. *Heerby*, there, heere and there.

Aſthe bright, tranſlated out of Mantuan. *Emprife*, for enterpriſe. *Pet Syn-* *copen*.

Contecke, ſtriſe. *Trode*, path. *Marrie that*, that is, their ſoules, vvwhich by Popiſh Exorcifmes and practiſes they damne to hell.

Blacke, hell. *Gang*, goe. *Miſter*, maner. *Mirke*, obſcure. *Warre*, worſe. *Crumenall*, purſe. *Brace*, compaſſe. *Enakeſon*, occaſion. *Ouergraſt*, ouergrowne vvith graſſe. *Galage*, ſhooc. *The groſſe*, the vvhole.

Buxome and bent, meeke and obedient. *Saxon King*. King Edgar that raigned here in Britannie in the yeere of our Lord. VVhich King cauſed all the VVolves, vvhereof then vvvas ſtore in this country, by a proper policie to be deſtroied. So as neuer ſince that time, there haue been VVolves heere found, vnleſſe they vvvere brought from other countries. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for ſaying that there be VVolves in England.

Nor in Chriſtendome. This ſaying ſeemeth to be ſtrange and vvunreaſonable: but indeed it vvvas vvont to be an old prouerbe and common phraſe. The originall vvhereof vvvas, for that the moſt part of England in the raigne of King Ethelbert was chriſtened, Kent onely except, vvwhich remained long after in miſbeliefe, and vnchriſtened: So that Kent vvvas counted no part of Chriſtendome.

Great hunt, Executing of lawes and iuſtice. *Enaunter*, leaſt that. *Inly*, invvardly: aforeſaid.

Priny or pert, openly ſaith Chaucer. *Roffy*, the name of a ſhepherd in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin & the King. Whō he heere commendeth for great care and wiſe gouernaunce of his flock.

Colin Clout. Now I thinke no man doubteth, but by Colin is meant the Authors ſelfe, vvhoſe eſpeciall good friend Hobbinoll ſaith hee is, or more rightly Maſter

Gabriell Haruey: of vvwhose especiall commendation, as well in Poetrie as Rhetorick and other choice learning, vvee haue lately had a sufficient triall in diuers his vvorks, but specially in his *Musarum Lachryme*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinensium*: vvvhich booke in the progresse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Maiestie; afterward, presenting the same in print to her Highnesse at the worshipfull Maister Capels in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundry most rare and very notable writings, partly vnder vnknowne titles, and partly vnder counterfeited names: as his *Tyrannomastix*, his *Old Narallia*, his *Rameidos*, and especially that part of *Philomusus*, his diuine *Anticosmopolita*, and diuers other of like importance. As also by the name of other shepheards, he couereth the persons of diuers other his familiar friends and best acquaintance.

This tale of Rosy, seemeth to colour some particular action of his. But vvhat, I certainly know not.

Wounded, haunted.

Welkin, skye, afore said.

A weaned waste, a weaned youngling.

Hidden and shidden, he and she, Male and Female.

Stenen, noise.

Beline, quickly. What euer, Ouids verse translated:

Quod caret alterna requie, durable non est.

Forehaile, draw or distresse.

Fetchie, of Pease straw.

Embleme.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ouid. For when the foolish boy by beholding his face in the brooke, fell in loue with his owne likenesse: and not able to content himselfe with much looking thereon, hee cried out, that plentie made him poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sense. But Diggon vseth it to other purpose; as who that by triall of many waies, had found the worst, & through great plenty was fallen into penury. This Poësie I know, to haue been much vsed of the Authour, and to such like effect, as first Narcissus spake it.



October.



Aegloga decima.

ARGVMENT.

IN Cuddy is set out the perfect paterne of a Poet, which finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: specially hauing beene in all ages, and euen amongst the most barbarous, alwaies of singular account and honour, and beeing indeed so worthy and comendable an art; or rather no art, but a diuine gift and heauenly instinct, not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine *Enthousiasmos*, and celestiall inspiration, as the Author heereof elswhere at large discourseth in his booke called the English Poet: which booke beeing lately come to my hands, I mind also by Gods grace, vpon further aduilement to publish.

PIERS.

C V D D Y, for shame hold vp thy heauie head,
And let vs cast with what delight to chace,
And wearie this long lingering *PHOEBVS* race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards lads to lead,
In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding bafe:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

C V D D Y.

PIERS, I haue piped earst so long with paine,
That all mine Oaten reedes been rent and wore:
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gaine.
Such pleasure makes the Grashopper so poore,
And ligge so laid, when Winter doth her straine.

The dapper duties that I wont deuise,
To feed yourthes fanfie, and the flocking fry,

C V D D Y.

Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a slender prise.
I beat the bush, the birds to them doe flie:
What good thereof to C V D D Y can arise?

PIERS.

C V D D Y, the praise is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gaine:
O what an honour is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice?
Or pricke them forth with pleasure of thy vaine,
Which do thou list their trained willes entice.

Soone as thou ginst to set thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routs to thee do cleaue!
Seemeth tho doost their soule of sense bereaue,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame

E 3.

From

Gabriel Haruey: of vvhose especiall commendation, as well in Poetrie as Rhetoricke and other choice learning, vvee haue lately had a sufficient triall in diuers his vvorks, but specially in his *Musarum Lachryme*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinensium*: vvhich booke in the progresse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Maiestie; afterward, presenting the same in print to her Highnesse at the worshipfull Maister Capels in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundry most rare and very notable writings, partly vnder vnknowne titles, and partly vnder counterfeited names: as his *Tyrannomastix*, his *Old Natalitia*, his *Rameidos*, and especially that part of *Philomusus*, his diuine *Anticosmopolita*, and diuers other of like importance. As also by the name of other shepheards, he couereth the persons of diuers other his familiar friends and best acquaintance.

This tale of Roffy, seemeth to colour some particular action of his. But vvhat, I certainly know not.

Wounded, haunted.

Welkin, skye, afore said.

A weaned waste, a weaned youngling.

Hidden and shidden, he and she, Male and Female.

Stenon, noise.

Beline, quickly. What euer, Ouids verse translated:

Quod caret alterna requie, durable non est.

Forebaile, draw or distresse.

Vetchie, of Pease straw.

Embleme.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ouid. For when the foolish boy by beholding his face in the brooke, fell in loue with his owne likenesse: and not able to content himselfe with much looking thereon, hee cried out, that plentie made him poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sense. But Diggon vseth it to other purpose; as who that by triall of many waies, had found the worst, & through great plenty was fallen into penury. This Poësie I know, to haue been much vsed of the Authour, and to such like effect, as first Narcissus spake it.



Otober.



☞ *Aegloga decima.*

ARGVMENT.

IN Cuddy is set out the perfect paterne of a Poet, which finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: specially hauing beene in all ages, and euen amongst the most barbarous, alwaies of singular account and honour, and beeing indeed so worthy and comendable an art; or rather no art, but a diuine gift and heavenly instinct, not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine *Enthousiasmos*, and celestiall inspiration, as the Author heereof elsewhere at large discourseth in his booke called the English Poet: which booke beeing lately come to my hands, I mind also, by Gods grace, vpon further aduilement to publish.

PIERS.

CVDDY, for shame hold vp thy heauie head,
And let vs cast with what delight to chace,
And wearie this long lingring *PHOEBVS* race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards lads to lead,
In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding bafe:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

CVDDY.

PIERS, I haue piped earst so long with paine,
That all mine Oaten reedes been rent and wore:
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gaine.
Such pleasure makes the Grasshopper so poore,
And legge so laid, when Winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties that I wont deuise,
To feed yourthes fanfie, and the flocking fry,

CVDDY.

Delighten much: what I the best for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a slender prise.
I beat the bush, the birds to them doe flie:
What good thereof to CVDDY can arise?

PIERS.

CVDDY, the praise is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gaine:
O what an honour is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice?
Or pricke them forth with pleasure of thy vaine,
Whilke thou list their trained willes entice.

Soone as thou ginst to set thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routs to thee do cleaue!
Seemeth tho doost their soule of sense bereaue,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame

E 3.

From

From **PLUTOES** balefull Bowie withouten leaue:
His muvicks might the hellish hound did tame.

CVDDY.

So prayfen babes the Peacocks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright **ARGVS** blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
Sike words been winde, and wasten soone in vaine.

PIERS.

Abandon then the base and viler clowne,
Lift vp thy selfe out of the lowly dult:
And sing of bloody **MARS**, of warres, of gusts,
Turne thee to thole, that weld the awfull crowne,
To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes vnbruzed, wexen daily browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttering wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
Whither thou list in faire **ELISA** rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Aduance the worthy whom she loueth best,
That first the white Beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of loue and lusthead thou maist thou sing,
And carroll lowde, and lead the Millers round,
All were **ELISA** one of thilke same ring,
So mought our **CVDDIES** name to heauen found.

CVDDY.

Indeed the Romish **TITYRVS**, I heare,
Through his **MECOENAS** left his Oaten reed,
Whereon he erst had taught his flocke to feed,
And laboured lands to yeeld the timely eare,
And erst did sing of warres and deadly dreed,
So as the heauens did quake his verse to heare.

But ah! **MECOENAS** is yclad in clay,
And great **AVGVSTVS** long ygoe is dead:
And all the Worthies ligger wrapt in lead,
That matter made for Poets on to play.
For euer, who in derring doe were dead,
The lostie verse of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhood brought a bedde of ease:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in preace among the learned troupe:
Tho gan the streames of flowing wits to cease,
And sunbright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poësie,
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote againe:

Or it mens follies mote to force to faine,
And roll with rest in rimes of ribaudry:
Or as it sprung, it wither must againe:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

PIERS.

O peerlesse poesie, where is then thy place?
If not in Princes palace thou doost sit
(And yet is Princes palace the most fit)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace;
Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,
And, whence thou camst, sic back to heauen apace.

CVDDY.

Ah **PERCY**, it is all too weake and wanne,
So high to sore and make so large a sight:
Her peeced pinecons been not so in plight,
For **COLIN** fits such famous flight to scanne:
He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

PIERS.

Ah son, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
And lift him vp out of the loathsome mire:
Such immortall mirror, as he doth admire,
Would raise ones minde about the starry skie,
And cause a caitiue courage to aspire:
For losue loue doth leaue a lowly eye.

CVDDY.

All otherwife the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a tyrannic fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell,
The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,
Ne wont with crabbed case the Muses dwell:
Vnwisely weaues, that takes two webs in hand.

Who euer casts to compassse waighthe prise,
And thinks to throwe out thundring words of threat:
Let powre in lawish cups and thrifric bits of meate.
For **BACCHVS** fruit is friend to **PHOEBVS** wife:
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not **PERCIE** how the time should rage.
O if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in Girlands of wilde luie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint **BELEONA** in her equipage.

But ah, my courage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy content vs in this humble shade:
Where no such troublous tides han ys affaide,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

PIERS.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies laide,
CVDDY shall haue a Kidde to store his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calefcimus illo, &c.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his 16 Idilion, wherein hee reproved the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his niggardise toward Poets, in vvhom is the povver to make men immortall for their gooddeedes, or shamefull for their naughtie life. And the like also is in Mantuane. The like heereof, as also that in Theocritus, is more loftie then the rest, and applied to the height of poeticall wit.

Cuddy. I doubt vvwhether by Cuddy be specified the Authours selfe, or some other. For in the eight Aeglogue the same person vvvas brought in, singing a Cansion of Colins making, as he saith. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

Whylome, sometime. *Oaten reedes,* Auenæ.

Ligge so laid, lye so faint and vnlustie. *Dapper,* pretie.

Frye, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spavvning fishes, for the multitude of young fish be called the Frye.

To refraine. This place seemeth to conspire vvith Plato, vvho in his first booke *de Legibus* saith, that the first inuention of Poetrie vvvas of very vertuous intent. For at vvhat time an infinit number of youth vsually came to their great solempne feastes called Panegyrica, vvwhich they vsed every fvee yeares to hold, some learned man beeing more able then the rest, for speciall gifts of vvite and Musick, vvould take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in praise either of vertue or of victorie, or of immortalitie, or suchlike. At vvwhose vvonderfull gift all men beeing astonied, and as it vvwere rauished vvith delight, thinking (as it vvvas indeed) that he vvvas inspired from aboue, called him *Vatem*: vvwhich kinde of men after vvward, framing their verses to lighter musick (as of Musicke there be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroicall: and so diuersly eke affect the minds of men) found out lighter matter of Poetrie also, some playing vvwith lute, some scotting at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasure, & so were called Poets, or makers.

Senjeharcase. What the secreet vvorking of musick is in the minds of men, as well appeared heereby, that some of the ancient Philosophers, and those the most vvise, as Plato and Pythagoras, held for opinion, that the mind vvvas made of a certain harmonie and musicall numbers, for the great compassion, and likenesse of affection in the one and the other, as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to whom vvhen as Timotheus the great Musician played the Phrygian melody, it is said that he vvvas distraught vvith such vnwonted furie, that straightway rising from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to go to vvwar (for that musick is very vvwarlike.) And immediately, vvhen as the Musician changed his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he vvvas so far from vvarring, that he sat as still, as if he had been in matters of counsell. Such might is in musick. Wherefore Plato and Aristotle, forbid the Arabian Melody from children and youth. For that being altogether on the sixth and seventh tone, it is of great force to mollifie and quench the kindly courage, vvwhich vseth to burne in our young breasts. So that it is not incredible vvwhich the Poet heere saith, that the musick can bereaue the soule of sense.

The Shepheards that, Otphuis: of vvvhom it is said, that by his excellent skill in Musick and Poetry, he recovered his vvife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes. Of Argus is before said, that Iuno to him committed her husband Iupiter his Paragon Ioy, because he had an hundred eyes: but afterward Mercurie with his musick lulled Argus to sleep, slew him, and brought Io away, vvwhose eyes it is said that Iuno for his eternall memory, placed in her byrd the Peacocks taile, for those coloured spots indeed resemble eyes.

Wound.

Woundlesse armour, vnwounded in war, do rust through long peace.

Display. A poetickall metaphore, vvhereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list shew his skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Aeglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veine and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gracious Soueraigne, vvhom (as before) he calleth *Elisa*. Or if matter of knighthood and chivalry please him better, that there be many noble and valiant men, that are both vvorthy of his paines in their deserued praises, and also fauourers of his skill and facultie.

The worthy, he meaneth (as I ghesse) the most honorable and renowned the Earle of Leicester, vvhom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bewraith, being not likely that the names of vvorthy Princes be known to countrey clownes.

Slack, that is, vvhen thou changest thy verse to stately course, to matter of more pleafance and delight.

The Millers, a kind of daunce.

Ring, company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus, vvell knevv noble Virgil, vvho by Mecenas meanes vvas brought into the fauour of the Emperour Augustus, and by him moued to write in loftier kind, then he earlt had done.

Whereon: in these three verses are the three seuerall vvorks of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flock to feed, is meant his Aeglogue. In labouring of lands, is his Georgiques. In singing of vvarrs and deadly dread, is his diuine Aeneis figured.

In derring do, in manhood and chivalrie.

For euer. He sheweth the cause vvhy Poets vvewont to be had in such honour of noble men, that is, that by them their vvorthinesse and valour should through their famous poesies be commended to all posterities. Wherefore it is said, that Achilles had neuer been so famous, as he is, but for Homers immortall verses, which is the onely aduantage, which he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great, comming to his tombe in Sigues, vvith naturall teares blefled him, that euer it vvas his hap to be honoured with so excellent a Poets vvorke as so renowned & ennobled onely by his meane. VVhich being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse worthily set forth in a Sonnet.

Giunto Alessandro à la famosa tomba,

Del fero Achillo sospirando disse

O fortunato che si chiaro tromba *Tromasti, &c.*

And that such account hath been alway made of Poets, as vvell sheweth this, that the vvorthy Scipio in all his vvarrs against Carthage and Numantia, had euer more in his company, and that in most familiar sort, the good old Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, vvhen he was enformed, that the famous Lyrick poet Pindarus vvas borne in that Citty, not onely commaunded straightly, that no man should vpon paine of death, do any violence to that house, or other vvise: but also specially spared most, and some highly reppard that vvore of his kinne. So fauoured he the onely name of a Poet. Which praise otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, then when he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had ouerthrowne, he found in a little coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers vvorks, as laid vp there for speciall Jewels & riches: vvhich he taking thence, put one of them daily in his bosome, and the other every night lay vnder his pillow. Such honour haue Poets alwaies found in the sight of Princes & noble men, which this Authour heere very well sheweth, as else where more notably.

But after: he sheweth the cause of contempt of poetrie to be idlenesse and basenesse

nelle of mind.

Pent, shut vp in sloth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom Piper, an ironicall Sarcastimus, spoken in derision of these rude vvits, vvwhich make more account of a ryming ribaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgement.

Ne brest, the meaner sort of men.

Her peeced pinions, vnperfect skill:

Spoken vvith humble modestie.

As soote as Swanne. The comparison seemeth to be strange: for the swan hath euer vvonne small commendation for her sweet singing: but it is said of the learned, that the Swanne a little before her death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophesying by a secret instinct her neere destinie, as vvell saith the Poet elsewhere in one of his Sonets:

The siluer Swann doth sing before her dying day,

As she that feelsthe deep delight that is in death, &c.

Immortall mirrour, Beautie, vvwhich is an excellent obiect of poeticall spirits, as appeareth by the vvorthy Petrarch, saying:

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno.

Ala sua ombra, & crescer ne gli affanni.

A caitiue courage, A base and abiect mind.

For losse lone. I thinke this playing vvith the letter, be rather a fault then a figure, as well in our English tongue, as it hath been alwaies in the Latin, called *Cacozelon*.

Avacant, imitateth Mantuans saying, *Vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poscit.*

Laniish cups, Resembleth the common verse, *Facundi calices quē non fecere disertū.*

O if my: he seemeth heere to be rauished vvith a poeticall furie. For (if one rightly marke) the numbers rise so full, and the verse groweth so bigge, that it seemeth hee had forgot the meannesse of shepheards state and stile.

Wild Iwie: for it is dedicate to Bacchus, and therefore it is said, that the *Mænades* (that is, Bacchus frantick priests) vsed in their sacrifice to carrie Thyrsos, which were pointed staues or Iauelins, vvrapped about with Iwie.

In buskin. It vvvas the manner of poets and players in Tragedies, to vvvere buskins, as also in Comedies to vse socks and light shooes. So that the buskin in poetrie, is vvfed for tragical matter, as is said in Virgill, *Sola Sphocleio tua carmina digna cothurno.* And the like in Horace, *Magnum loqui, nūique cothurno.*

Queint, strange. Bellona the goddesse of battell, that is Pallas: vvwhich may therefore vvell be called queint, for that (as Lucian saith) vvhen Iupiter her father vvvas in trauaile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcan with his axe to heaw his head. Out of vvvhich leaped out lustily a valiant Damsell armed at all points: vvhom Vulcan seeing so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, proffered her some curtesie, vvwhich the Lady disdainig, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his saucinelle. Therefore such strangeness is vvwell applied to her.

Equipage, order.

Tyder, seasons.

Charme, temper and order. For charmes vvverewont to be made by verses, as Ouid saith: *Aut si carminibus.*

Embleme.

Heereby is meant, as also in the vvhole course of this *Eglogue*, that poetrie is a diuine instinct, and vnnaturall rage passing the reach of common reason. Whom Piers answereth *Lipphonematicos*, as admitting the excellencie of the skill, whereof in Cuddie he had already had a taste.

November.



Aegloga vndecima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this xi. Aeglogue hee bewaileth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secrete, and to me altogether vnknowne, albeit of himselfe I often required the same. This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which hee made vpon the death of Loyes the French Queene. But farre passing his reach, and in mine opinion, all other the Aeglogues of this booke.

THENOT.

COLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou wert wont, songs of some iouissance?
Thy Muse too long slumbreth in sorrowing,
Lulled asleepe through loues misgouernaunce,
Now somewhat sing, whose endlesse souenaunce,
Among the shepheards swaines may aye remaine:
Whether thee list thy loued Lasse aduaunce,
Or honour PAN with hymnes of higher vaine.

COLIN.

THENOT, now nis the time of mery-make,
Nor PAN to herie, nor with loue to play:
Sike mirth in May is meetest for to make,
Or Sommer shade, vnder the cocked hay.
But now sad Winter welked hath the day,
And PHOEBVS weary of his yeerely taske,
Ystablisht hath his steeds in lowely lay,
And taken vp his Inne in Fishes haske,
Thilke sullen season sadder plight doth aske,
And loatheth sike delights, as thou doost praise:
The mournfull Muse in mirth now list ne maske,
As she was wont in yongth and sommer dayes.
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong:

COLIN.

Who but thy selfe deserues like Poets praise?
Relieue thy Oaten pypes, that sleepe long.

THENOT.

The Nightingale is soueraine of song.
Before him sits the Titmouse silent be:
And I, vnfit to thrust in skilfull throng,
Should COLIN make iudge of my foolerie?
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han been watred at the Muses vwell:
The kingly dew drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sad winters wrath, and season chill,
Accord not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou maist attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrow and deaths dreeriment.
For dead is DIDO, dead alas and drent,
DIDO the great shepheard his daughter sheene:
The fairest May she was that euer went,
Her like she has not left behind I weene.
And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull teene,
I shall thee giue yond Collet for thy paine:
And if thy rymes as round and rufull been,
As those that did thy ROSALINDE complaine,

Much

Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gaine;
Then Kid or Collet, which I thee benight;
Then vp I say, thou iolly shepheard swaine,
Let not my small demand be for contempt.

Thenot, to that I chose; thou dost me tempt;
But ah! too well I wote my humble vaine;
And how my rimes been rugged and vnkept;
Yet as I con, my cunning I will straine.

Vp then MELPOMENE, the mournfull Muse of
Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore:
Vp griffy ghosts, and vp my rufull rime;
Matter of mirth now shalshou haue no more:
For dead sheels, that mirth they made of yore;
Dido my deare, alas is dead,
Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead:
O heauie herse,
Let streaming teares be poured out in store.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abide,
Waile ye this wofull waste of Natures warke:
Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pride:
Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke:
The sunne of all the world is dimme and darke:
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all wedwell in deadly night:
O heauie herse,
Breake we our pipes, that shrill as loude as Larke,
O carefull verse.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
Whose better daies death hath shut vp in woe?
The fairest flowre our girlond all among,
Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.
Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no mo
The songs that COLIN made you in her praise,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes.
O heauie herse:
Now is time to die. Nay, time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flowret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale?
Yet soone as Spring his mantle doth display,
It flowreth fresh, as it should neuer faile.
But thing on earth that is of most auale,
As vertues branch and beauties bud,
Reliuen not for any good.
O heauie herse,
The branch once dead, the bud eke needs must quail,
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a wofull word to liue)
For beauties praise and pleasure had no peere:
So well she couth the shepheards entertaine,
With cakes and cracknells, and such country cheere:
Ne would she scorn the simple shepheards swaine:
For she would call him often hearme,
And giue him Curds and clouted Creame.

O heauie herse:
Als COLIN CLOUT she would not once disdain,
O carefull verse.

But now like happy cheere is turnd to heauie chance;
Such pleasure now displast by dolors dint:
All Musicke sleepes, where death doth lead the daunce;
And shepheards wonted solace is extinct:
The blew in blacke, the greene in gray is tinct:
The gaudy girlonds deckt her grace,
The faded flowres her Corse embraue.
O heauie herse,
Mourne now my Muse, now mourne with teares bespente,
O carefull verse.

O thou great shepheard LOBBIN, how great is thy
Where bin the nosogaues that she dight for thee?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rush-rings, and gilt Rosemaice:
For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
Ah, they been all yclad in clay,
One bitter blast blew all away.
O heauie herse,
Thereof nought remaines but the memore,
O carefull verse.

Aye me that dreerie death should strike so mortal stroke,
That can vndoe Dame Natures kindly courtesie:
The faded locks fall from the Ioffie Oke,
The fouds do gaspe, for dryed is their soule,
And fouds of teares flowe in their stead perforce.
The mantled medowes mourne,
Their sundry colours tourne.
O heauie herse,
The heauens doe melt in teares without remorse,
O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang their heads, as they would leame to weepe:
The beasts in Forrest waile as they were woode,
Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:
Now shee is gone that safely did hem keepe.
The Turtle of the bared branch,
Laments the wound, that death did launch,
O heauie herse:
And PHILOMEL her song with teares doth sleepe,
O carefull verse.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing & daunce,
And for her girlond Olive branches beare,
Now balefull boughs of Cypres done aduance:
The Muses that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Eldre branches here:
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall threat to soone was spent.
O heauie herse,
Mourne now my Muse, now mourne with heauie cheere,
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortall men, that twinke and sweat for nought,

And

And shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope:
Now haue I learmed (a lesſon deere bought)
That nis on earth affurance to be fought:

For what might be in earthly mould,
That did her buried body hould?

O heauie herſe,

Yet ſaw I on the beere when it was brought,
O carefull verſe.

But mangre death, and dreaded ſiſters deadly ſight,
And gates of hell, and fierie furies force:

She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her ſoule vnbodyed of the burdenous corſe.

Why then weepes **L O B B I N** ſo without remorſe?

O **L O B B**, thy loſſe no longer lament,

D I D O nis dead, but into heauen hent:

O happy herſe,

Ceaſe now my Muſe, now ceaſe thy ſorrowes ſourſe,
O ioyfull verſe.

Why waile we then? why wearie we the gods with plaints,
As if ſome euill were to her betight?

Shee raignes a goddeſſe now among the Saints,

That whilome was the ſaint of ſhepheards light:

And is enſtalled now in heauens hight.

I ſee the bleſſed ſoule, I ſee,

Walke in *Elyſan* fields ſo free.

O happy herſe,

Might I once come to thee (O that I might)

O ioyfull verſe.

Vnwiſe and wretched men to weet whats good or ill,

We deeme of Death as doome of ill deſert:

But knew we fooles, what it vs brings vntill

Die would we daily, once it to expect.

No danger there the ſhepheard can aſſert:

Faire fields and pleaſant layes there bee,

The fields aye freſh, the graſſe aye greene:

O happy herſe.

Make haſte ye ſhepheards, thither to reuert,

O ioyfull verſe.

D I D O is gone afore (whoſe turne ſhall be the next?)

There liues ſhe with the bleſſed Gods in bliſſe:

There drinks ſhe *Nectar* with *Ambroſia* mixt,

And ioyes enjoyes, that mortall men doe miſſe:

The honour now of higheſt God ſhe is,

That whilome was poore ſhepheards pride:

While heere on earth ſhe did abide,

O happy herſe.

Ceaſe now my ſong, my woe now waſted is,

O ioyfull verſe.

THE NOT.

Aye franke ſhepheard, how been thy verſes meint?

With dolefull pleaſance, ſo as I newotte,

Whether reioyce or weepe for great conſtraint:

Thine be the *Coffet*, well haſt thou it gotte.

Vp **C O L I N**, vp, ynough thou mourned haſt:

Now ginnes to mizzle, hie we homeward faſt.

Colins Embleme.

La mort ny mord.

GLOSSE.

Igniſſaunce, mirth.

Souenaunce, remembrance.

Heris, honour.

Welked, ſhortned or empayred. As the Moone beeing in the vvane, is ſaid
of Lidgate to vvellk.

In lowly lay, according to the ſeaſon of the moneth of Nouember, when the Sunne
draweth lovve in the South, toward the Tropick or returne.

In fiſhes baſke, the Sun raigned, that is, in the ſigne Piſces, all Nouember: a baſke
is a wicker ped, wherein they vſe to carry fiſh.

Virelayes, a light kind of ſong.

Bewatred: for it is a ſaying of Poets, that they haue drunke of the Muſes Well, *Ca-*
ſtalias, vvhereof was before ſufficiently ſaid.

Dreeriment, dreery and heauie cheere.

The great ſhepheard, is ſome man of high degree, and not as ſome vainely ſuppoſe,
God Pan. The perſon both of the ſhepheard and of *Dido* is vnknowne, and cloſely
buried in the Authours conceit. But out of doubt I am, that it is not *Rofalinde*, as
ſome imagine: for he ſpeaketh ſoone after of her alſo.

Sheene, faire and ſhining.

May, for mayde.

Teene, ſorrow.

Guerdon, reward.

Bynempt, bequeathed.

Coffet,

Coffet, a lambe brought vp vvithout the damme. *Vnkempt*, Incompti. Not combed, that is, rude and vnhandsome.

Melpomene. The sad and vvailefull Muse, vsed of Poets in honour & Tragedies: as saith Virgil;

Melpomene tragico proclamat maesta boatu.

Vp grisly ghosts. The manner of the tragicall Poets, to call for helpe of Furies & damned ghosts: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.

Herse, is the solemne obsequie in funeralls.

Waste of, decay of so beautifull a peece.

Care, care.

Ab vuby, an elegant Epanorthosis, as also soone after. Nay time was long ago.

Florer, a diminutiue for a little flowre. This is a notable and sententious comparison, *A minore ad maius*.

Reliue not, liue not againe .i. not in their earthly bodies: for in heauen they receiue their due reward.

The branch. He meaneth Dido: vvho beeing as it vv ere the maine branch novv withered; the buds, that is, beautie (as he said afore) can no more flourish.

Wish cakes, fit for shepheards bankets.

Heame, for home, after the Northern pronouncing.

Tint, dyed or stained.

The gaudie. The meaning is, that the things which vv ere the ornaments of her life, are made the honour of her funerall, as is vsed in burials.

Lobbin, the name of a shepheard, vv hich seemeth to haue been the louer and deere friend of Dido.

Rust-rings, agreeable for such base gifts.

Faded locks, dried leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewailed the death of the Mayde.

Sourse, spring. *Mantled Medowes*, for the sundry flowvers are like a mantle or couerlet vvrought vvith many colours.

Philomele, the Nightingale. Whom the Poets faine once to haue been a Lady of great beautie, till being rauished by her sisters husband, she desired to be turned into a birde of her name: whose complaints be very well set forth of M. George Gascoine a wittie gentleman, & the verie chiefe of our late rimers: who & if some parts of learning vvanted not (albe it is vv ell knowne hee altogether vvanted not learning) no doubt would haue attained to the excellencie of those famous Poets. For, gifts of vv it, and naturall promptnesse, appeare in him abundantly.

Cypres, vsed of the old paynims in the furnishing of their funerall pompe, and properly the signe of all sorrov and heauinesse.

The fatall sisters, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the Night, vv hom the Poets faine to spinne the life of man, as it were a long thred, vv hich they draw out in length, till his fatall houre and timely death be come; but if by o-ther casualtie his daies be abridged, then one of the, that is, Atropos, is said to haue cut the thred in twaine. Heereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum bainlat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

O trustlesse. A gallant exclamation moralized vvith great vv isedom, and passionate vvith great affection.

Beere, a frame, vv hereon they vse to lay the dead corps.

Furies, of Poets are fained to be three, Persephone, Alecto, and Megera, vv hich are said to be the Authors of all euill and mischiefe.

F.

Eternall

Eternall night, is death, or darknesse of hell.

Betight, happened.

I see, A lively Icon or presentation, as if he saw her in heauen present.

Elysian fields, be deuised of Poets to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, vvhere the happy soules doe rest in peace and eternall happinesse.

Die vvould, the very expresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

After, befall vnvvares.

Nectar and Ambrosia, be fained to be the drinke and food of the Gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture, and Nectar to be vvwhite like creame, vvhereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stained the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Cōmentary vvpon the dreames of the same Author.

Meynt, mingled.

Embleme.

Which is as much to say, as death byteth not. For although by course of nature vve be borne to die, and beeing ripened vvith age, as vvith timely haruest, we must be gathered in time, or else of our selues vve fall like rotted ripe fruite from the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euill, nor (as the Poet said before) as doome of ill desert. For though the trespasse of the first man brought death into the vvorld, as the guerdon of sinne, yet beeing ouercome by the death of one that died for all, it is novv made (as Chaucer saith) the greene pathway of life. So that it agreeth vvell vvith that vvvas said, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.



December



Aegloga duodecima.

ARGUMENT.

THis Aeglogue (euen as the first beganne) is ended with a complaint of Colin to God Pan: wherein, as wearie of his former waies, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeere, comparing his youth to the Spring time, vvhhen he was fresh and free from loues follie. His manhood to the Sommer, which he saith, was consumed with great heate & excessiue drouth, caused through a Comet or blazing starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heate, his ripest yeeres he resembleth to an vnseasonable haruest, wherein the fruits fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to Winters chill and frostie season, now drawing neere to his last end.

THe gentle shepheard sate besides a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushie Breere,
That COLIN hight, which well could pipe and
For he of TITIRVS his songs did here. (sing,
There as he sate in secret shade alone,
Thus gan he make of loue his pitious mone.

O soueraigne PAN, thou God of shepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:
And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
Dooft saue from mischiefe the vnwarie sheepe.
Als of their snaiuers hast no lesse regard
Then of the flocks, which thou doost watch and ward:

I thee beseech (so be thou deigne to heare,
Rude ditties, tunde to shepheards Oaten reed,
Or if I euer Sonnet sung to cleare,
As it with pleasure mought thy fancie feed)
Harken awhile from thy greene Cabiner,
The lawrell song of carefull COLINET.

Whilome in youth, when flow'd my youthfull spring,
Like swallow swift, I wandred here and there:
For heat of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubled danger had no feare.
I went the wastfull woods and Forrest wide,
Withoute dread of Wolues to becn espie.

I went to range amid the mazie thicket,
And gather nuts to make me Christmas game:
And ioied oft to chase the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse Hare, till she were tame.
What recked I of wintry ages wast?
Tho deemed I my spring would euer last.

How often haue I scal'd the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Raven of her nest?
How haue I wearied with many a stroke,
The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest
Vnder the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
For ylike to me, was libertie and life.

F 2.

And

And for I was in thilke same loofer yeeres,
 (Whether the Muse, so wrought me from my birth:
 Or I too much belieu'd my shepheard peeres)
 Somedde ybent to song and musicks mirth.
 A good old shepheard, WRENOCX was his name,
 Made me by art more cunning in the same.

From thence I durst in derring to compare
 With shepheards swaine, what-euer fed in field:
 And if that HOBINOLL right iudgement bare,
 To PAN his owne selfe pipe I need not yeeld.
 For if the flocking Nymphes did follow PAN,
 The wiser Muses after COLIN ran.

But ah such pride at length was ill repaid,
 The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
 My hurtlesse pleasance did meill vp braid,
 My freedome lorne, my life he left to mone.
 Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
 But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely spring bid me farewell,
 And summer season sped him to display
 (For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)
 The raging fire, that kindled at his ray.
 A comet stird vp that vnkindly heate,
 That raigned (as men said) in VENVS seate.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
 When choice I had to chuse my wandering way:
 But whither lucke and loues vnbridled lore
 Would lead me forth on Fancies bit to play.
 The bush my bed, the bramble was my bowre,
 The woods can witnesse many a wofull stoure.

Where I was wont to seeke the hony Bee,
 Working her formall rowmes in Wexen frame:
 The grielly Todestooles growne there mought I see,
 And loathing Paddocks lording on the same.
 And where the chaunting birds luld me asleep,
 The ghastly Owle her grieuous Inne doth keepe.

Then as the spring gines placeto elder time,
 And bringeth forth the fruite of summers pride:
 All so my age, now passed youthly prime,
 To things of riper reason selfe applide:
 And learn'd of lighter timber, cotes to frame,
 Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
 And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont:
 Who to entrap the fish in winding tale,
 Was better seen, or hurtfull beasts to hunt?
 I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
 How PHOEBVS failes, where VENVS sits, & when.

And tried time yet taught me greater things,
 The suddaine rising of the raging seas:
 The sooth of byrds by beating of their wings,
 The powre of hearbes, both which can hurt and ease:
 And which be wont to enrage the restless sheepe,
 And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and wicklesse COLIN CLOVE,
 That kydst the hidden kinds of many a weed:
 Yet kydst not ene to cure thy fore hart roote,
 Whose rankling wound as yet does rifelely bleed.
 Why liu'st thou still, & yet hast thy deaths wound?
 Why diest thou still, and yet alive art found?

Thus is my summer worne away and wasted:
 Thus is my haruest hastened all too rathe:
 The care that budded faire, is burnt and blasted,
 And all my hoped gaine is turn'd to scathe.
 Of all the seed, that in my youth was sowne,
 Was nought but brakes & brambles to be mowne.

My boughs and blossoms that crowned were at first,
 And promised of timely fruite such store:
 Are left both bare and barren now at erst,
 The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,
 And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
 My haruest waste, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowers that in my garden grew,
 Been wither'd, as they had been gathered long:
 Their rootes been dried vp for lacke of dewe,
 Yet dewed with teares they han been euer among.
 Ah, who has wrought my ROSALIND this spight,
 To spill the flowers that should her girlond dight?

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pipe,
 Vnto the shifting of the shepheards foote:
 Sike follies now haue gathered, as too ripe,
 And cast hem out, as rotten and vnfoote.
 The loofer Lasse I cast to please no more,
 One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my haruest hope, I haue
 Nought reaped but a weedie crop of care:
 Which, when I thought haue thresht in swelling sheaue,
 Cockle for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.
 Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be finde,
 All was blowne away of the waucering winde.

So now my yeare drawes to my latter terme,
 My spring is spent, my summer burnt vp quite:
 My haruest hastes to stir vp winter sterne,
 And bids him claime with rigorous rage his right.
 So now he stormes with many a sturdie stoure,
 So now his blustering blast each coast doth scoure.

The carefull cold hath nipt my rugged rinde,
 And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
 My head besprent with hoarie frost I find,
 And by mine eye the crowe his claw doth wright.
 Delight is laid abed, and pleasure past,
 No sunne now shines, clouds han all ouer-cast.

Now leaue you shepheards boyes your merry glee,
 My Muse is hoarse and wearie of this stound:
 Heere will I hang my pipe vpon this tree,
 Was neuer pipe of reed did better found.
 Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blast,
 And after winter dreerie death does hast.

Gather

Gather ye together my little flocke,
My little flocke, that was to me most lief:
Let me, ah let me in your folds ye lock,
Ere the breme winter breed you greater grieffe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balcfull breath,
And after winter commeth timely death.

Adiew delights, that lulled me asleepe,
Adiew my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:
Adiew my little lambes and loued sheepe,
Adiew ye woods, that oft my vvitnesse were:
Adiew good HOBINOLL, that was so true,
Tell ROSALINDE, her COLIN bids her adiew.

Colins Embleme.

GLOSSE.

Tytirus, Chaucer, as hath been oft said.

Lamkins, young lambes.

Als of their, seemely to expresse Virgils verse;

Pan curat omnes omniumque magistros.

Deigne, vouchsafe.

Cabinet, Colinet, diminutives.

Mazie, for they be like to a maze, whence it is hard to get our againe.

Peeres, Fellowes and companions.

Musicke, that is, Poetrie, as Terence saith; *Qui artem tractant musicam*, speaking of Poets.

Derring doe, afore said.

Lions house, he imagineth simply that Cupid, which is loue, had his abode in the hote signe Leo, which is in midst of Sommer: a pretie allegory whereof the meaning is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of lust.

His ray, vvhich is Cupids beame of flames of loue.

A comet, a blazing starre, meant of beautie, which was the cause of his hote loue.

Venus, the goddesse of beautie or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is heere taken. So he meaneth, that beautie, vvhich hath alway aspect to Venus, was the cause of his vnquietnesse in loue.

Where I was, a fine description of the change of his life and liking, for all thinges now seemed to him to haue altered their kindly course.

Lording, Spoken after the manner of Paddocks & Frogs sitting, which is indeed lordly, not moouing or looking once aside, vnlesse they be stirred.

Then as, The second part, that is, his manhood.

Cotes, Shepcotes, for such be exercises of shepheards.

Sal, or fallow, a kind of vvhod like vwillow, fit to wreath and bind in heapes to catch fish vvithall.

Phæbe sailes, The Eclipse of the Moone, which is alwaies in Cauda, or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

Venus, i. Venus starre, otherwise called Hesperus, and Vesper, and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first riseth, and setteth last. All which skill in starres, beeing conuenient for shepheards to knowe, Theocritus and the rest vse.

Raging seas, The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea cometh of the course of the Moone, sometime increasing, sometime waning and decreasing.

Sooth of birds. A kind of soothsaying vsed in the elder times, vvhich they gathered by the flying of birds: First (as is said) inuented by the Thuscans, & from them deriued to the Romans, vvho (as it is said in Liuius) were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery noble man should put his sonne to the Thuscans, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes. That wondrous things be wrought by herbes, vvell appeareth by the common working of the in our bodies, as also by the vvonderfull enchauntments and forceries that haue been wrought by them: insomuch that it is said, that Circe a famous Sorceresse, turned men into sundry kinds of beasts and monsters, & onely by herbes: as the Poet saith; *Dea senapotentibus herbis, &c.*

Kidst, knowest.

Eare, of corne.

Scathe, losse, hinderance.

Euer among, Euer and anone.

This is my, The third part, vvhere-

in is set forth his ripe yeeres, as an vntimely haruest that bringeth little fruit.

The fragrant flowers, sundry studies and laudable parts of learning, vvherein our Poet is seene: be they witness vvhich are priue to his studie.

So now my yeere. The last part, vvherein is described his age, by comparison of vvintrie stormes.

Carefull cold, for care is said to coole the blood.

Glee, mirth.

Hoarie frost, A metaphor of hoarie haire, scattered

like a gray frost.

Breeme, sharpe and bitter.

Adieu delights, is a conclusion of all. Where in fixe verses hee comprehendeth all that was touched in this booke. In the first verse, his delights of youth generally. In the second, the loue of Rosalinde. In the third, the keeping of sheepe, vvhich is the argument of all the Æglogues. In the fourth, his complaints. And in the last vvvo his professed friendship & good vvill to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

The meaning vvhereof is, that all things perish and come to their last end, but vvorks of learned vvits and monuments abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes (a vvorke though full indeed of great vvit and learning, yet of no so great vvaight and importance) boldly saith;

Exegi monumentum ære perennium,

Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax.

Therefore let not be enuid, that this Poet in his Epilogue saith, hee made a Calender that shall endure as long as time, &c. following the example of Horace & Ouid in the like;

Grande opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis,

Nec ferrum poterit, nec edax abolere vetustas, &c.

Loe, I haue made a Calender for euery yeere,

That feele in strength, and time in durance shall out-weare:

And if I marked well the starres reuolution,

In shall continue till the vvorlds dissolution.

To teach the ruder shepheard how to feed his sheepe,

And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to keepe.

Goe little Calender, thou hast a free passport:

Goe but a lowely gate amongst the meaner sort.

Dare not to match thy pipe with Tytirus his stile,

Nor with the Pilgrim that the Plough-man plaid awhile:

But follow them farre off, and their high steps adore,

The better please, the worse displease: I aske no more.

Merce non mercede.

FINIS.

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